LOOKING FORWARD

THE LATEST argument of the Drys, in connection with the recent victory of Dwight W. Morrow, makes it evident that the silly season has set in. Taking the information gained from the Senate Lobbying Committee's quizzing of the Association Against the Eighteenth Amendment, certain intelligent prohibitionists who themselves know better, are seeking to prove now that there is agitation against the Volstead Act only because the "billionaires and the brewers are conspiring against the working man."

CONSIDERING the way in which the Volstead Act works, this is worthy of Mark Twain at his best. If ever a law worked to the advantage of the rich and to the detriment of the poor the Volstead Act is that law. The working man is precisely the man most hit by the Volstead Act, for the simple reason the reasonably priced beverages like beer have practically disappeared except in those large cities where speakeasies provide a miserable imitation; while higher priced and stronger liquors are easily procurable by anybody who can afford them. That is one of the reasons why labor is against prohibition.

SPEAKING SERIOUSLY, however, the attack is one more instance of the inability or disinclination of certain Drys honestly to discuss the dangerous situation we are in as a result of their mistaken attempt to legally prohibit all alcoholic beverages. The most needed thing between reasonable Wets and Drys is sober discussion with good faith in each other's integrity as American citizens and a common purpose to clarify the situation. Not bitter attacks upon each other's motives.

SINCERE WETS everywhere agree that prohibition in outlawing the saloon has done much good. Any change to governmental regulation of liquor must be based on that. What good does it do even an ardent Dry to keep on confusing the issue by raking up all the old evils of a by-gone day and using them now as stalking horses?

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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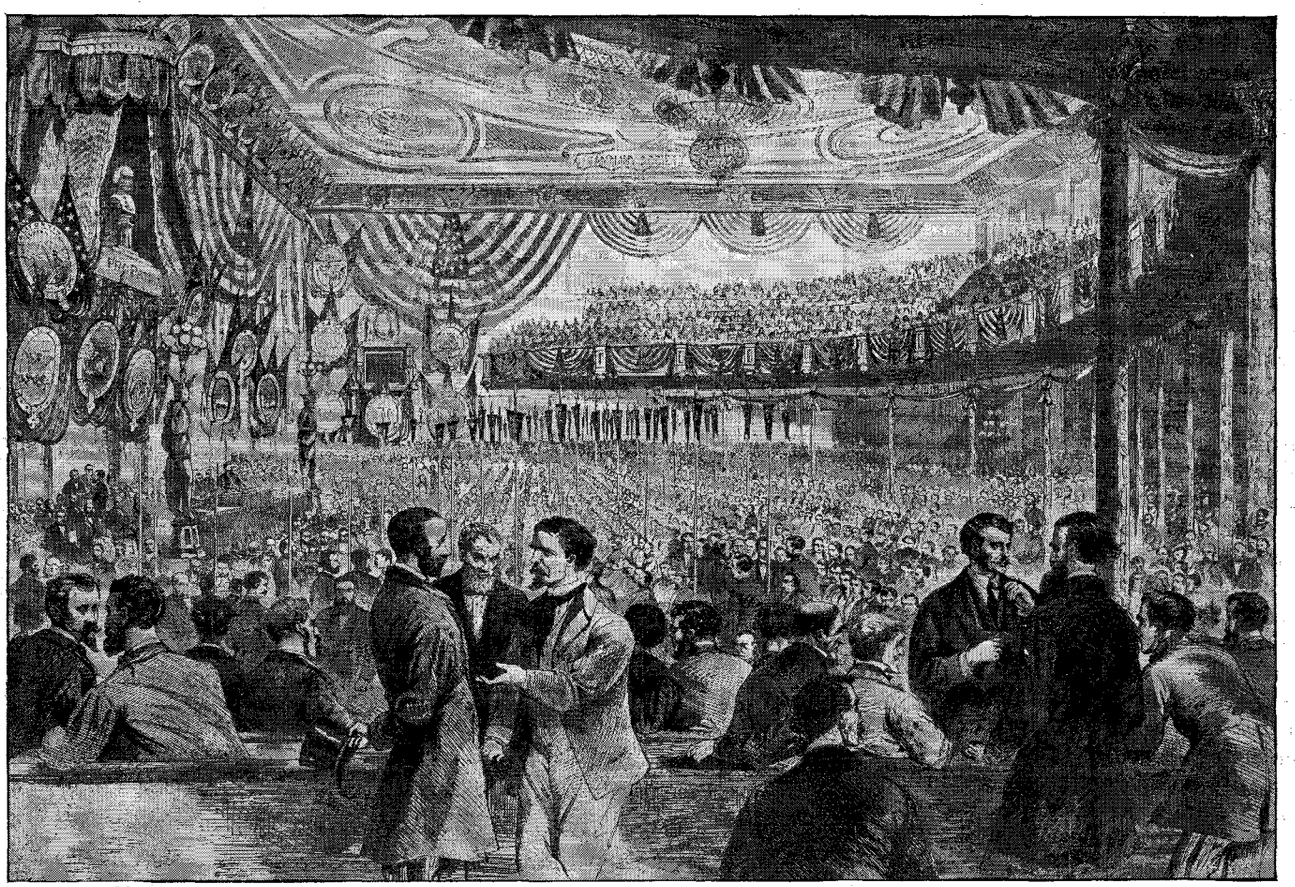

Harpers Weekly

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF 1868
In session in Tammany Hall, New York

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

July 23, 1930

The Donkey Kicks His Heels

But Democracy Is Still Divided

By ERNEST K. LINDLEY

The Democratic Donkey, having watched with glee the troubles of the Republican Party, is in a state of high elation. Anything now seems possible for 1932. The leaders of the party, however, are troubled when they ponder what sort of candidate to consider for the Presidential nomination. The G.O.P. must argue away depression and the Smoot-Hawley tariff. But Democracy must decide whether it is urban and wet or rural and dry; whether the memory of Al Smith is an asset or a liability

THE Democratic party is in high spirits. Its leaders are reveling in the political landscape, miraculously changed since the electoral votes were counted in November, 1928. They dwell gleefully upon the almost unbroken succession of misfortunes that has afflicted President Hoover and the Republican party: the long wrangle over the tariff, the stock market crash, followed by business depression, the unexpected opposition to the confirmation of Charles E. Hughes as Chief Justice of the United States, the personal financial affairs of Claudius H. Huston, Mr. Hoover's own choice as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and, finally, the refusal of the Senate to confirm Judge John J. Parker of North Carolina as Associate Judge of the Supreme Court. Even the naval conference, so far as the Democrats can see, has won little honor for the Hoover administration.

Recent Democratic victories in numerous municipal elections and in a few Congressional by-elections, including one in former President Coolidge's own Massachusetts district, seem omens of substantial gains in the House and Senate this fall.

Publicly, the party's oracles are forecasting six or seven more seats in the Senate and at least forty in the House. Privately, they profess anxiety lest they win a majority of the House. They do not want, they hasten to explain, the responsibility which goes with control. They would prefer to harry the Hoover administration with a House coalition comparable to the present one in the Senate.

In this bright atmosphere, the Democratic nomination for President again becomes alluring. Politicians of both parties are speculating upon who will be its recipient in 1932.

All in all, the Democrats are feeling much better than they thought, in November, 1928, they ever would feel again. So long as they do not let their thoughts stray from the miseries of the Republican party, their hopes soar as they have not soared in ten years. But, when they sit down to figure out how they are going to turn Republican disturbances in 1930 into Democratic strength in 1932, they are faced with a familiar, unwelcome dilemma: what kind of party is the Democratic party going to be?

Is it going to be the urban, liberal, wet party of Alfred E. Smith? Or, is it going to be the essentially rural party of the South, perhaps liberal upon some questions, but still politically dry?

THE two discordant elements of the party, which produced Madison Square Garden in 1924 and a cleavage in the party in the South in 1928, are still present. In Congressional elections, each can go its own way. But in 1932, the party will once again have to decide whether it is going to try to win the Presidency by combining the South with the West, or by combining the urban East with as much of the South and West as it can hold.

The first combination elected Wilson in 1916, and was advocated by William Gibbs McAdoo in 1924. The second, under Al Smith, yielded very few electoral votes, but a much larger number of popular votes than any other Democratic candidate for President had ever before received.

The chief concern of the overseers of Democratic unity—and there are a few—is to prevent the Democratic National Convention of 1932 from becoming another Madison Square Garden. And the chief factor with which they have to reckon is former Governor Smith.

The plea of the southern Democrats who helped to lend an atmosphere of harmony to the nomination of Al Smith in 1928 was that he had to be given his chance, or the wet, eastern Democrats would be forced out of the party. The intimation was that, after he had had his chance, he would gracefully get out of the way. He had his chance, and the result in electoral votes was as bad as the dourest prophets had forecast. In the days after the election, it was generally proclaimed that Smith was "through." Superficially, no other conclusion seemed possible. Even his closest friends shared it. Al Smith has not yet given any indication that he has any intention of trying to obtain renomination.

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He recently let it be known that he would not attempt to assert his titular leadership of the party in the Congressional campaign this year, but would stump New York for Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt and would, perhaps, make a speech or two in states where Democracy is wet and urban.

His fellow wet and Catholic, John J. Raskob, remains Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, but the active direction of the party's affairs is in the hands of Jouett Shouse, a mid-western, Protestant dry.

Except that he has not persuaded Mr. Raskob to relinquish his position, Al Smith has conducted himself in a manner pleasing to those who would like to see him fade into oblivion. But, no matter how innocent of yearnings for another nomination he may be, he is helpless to allay the uneasiness which any one can detect beneath the hearty optimism of the guardians of Democratic unity. He may have retired forever from public life; nevertheless, certain ideas which he symbolized have not retired. One, in particular, opposition to national prohibition, sounds much lustier than it did in 1928. That there is a rising tide against prohibition, few, if any, Democratic leaders will deny. Even though the drys may feel confident that they will always be able to stem it, the fact that it is an angry, militant revolt is sufficient to disconcert all politicians whose primary interest is in keeping party lines intact.

It is the apparition of hot-throated Democrats, from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and other wet states, descending upon the Democratic National Convention in 1932 with a cry for their first national leader, Al Smith, which disturbs the equanimity of the party's leaders in Washington. This might happen without initiative by Smith, or, even against his wishes, they fear, if prohibition in 1932 should be wrapped in so much emotion as it is today. When Smith, as a Presidential candidate, advocated amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment, it seemed unnecessarily rash to such southern leaders as Senator Carter Glass, Josephus Daniels and Senator Walter F. George. Now, only two years later, many Democrats from their states admit that it would be rash for any candidate for high office from the wet eastern states not to avow openly some degree of wetness.

How Al Smith still dominates—or can be made to dominate—the thoughts of the party is exemplified by the Senatorial primaries in North Carolina and Alabama. Both Senator Furnifold M. Simmons of North Carolina and Senator J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama have been brought to an accounting for bolting the party in the 1928 campaign. Both made Smith and all that he symbolized in 1928 the issues in their fights which they made for their political lives.

Kansas City Journal

ARE ANY OF 'EM POISON?
Signs of the times during the New York convention

Heflin seems to be the only prominent Democrat who is positive that Smith is plotting to obtain renomination. Heflin, as he depicts himself, is the "big hurdle" in Smith's way; so, of course, Heflin should be renominated and re-elected. Simmons wants the party purged of Smith and Raskob and their ilk.

There is no reason to think that the leaders of the opposition to Simmons and Heflin would be any happier at the thought of renominating Smith, although they supported him in 1928. The defeat of the two most vocal foes of Smith and Raskob might mean less irritation of old sores in Washington, less public airing of the natural cleavage of the party. So far as the primary is concerned, their defeat would be a victory for the holy cause of party regularity.

At the same time, the severity of the factional troubles in these states represents the possibility that both of them will send Republicans to the Senate in November. The possibility in Alabama is remote, but in North Carolina it is within the calculations of the Democratic sages. Political observers are agreed that Republican victories in two southern Senatorial contests would have a profound effect upon the future of both major parties. Some incline to the view that it would tend to free the Democratic party of the weight of the South, allowing it to move along the course charted by Smith, while encouraging the Republican party to become more rural in complexion. Others suggest that it would only intensify the demand for a dry southern Democratic Presidential nominee in 1932 to repair the damage in the stronghold of the party before the Republican party has had time to establish itself there.

That the schism in the party in the South has been healed so far as it has, is attributed by party leaders to the revival of the fear of Negro domination, given much impetus last year by the de Priest incident. Fear of Negro domination is the well tried curative for Democratic factional disorders in the South, but few, if any, southern Democrats would like to see it submitted to so severe a test as the renomination of Smith in 1932.

The objective of the leaders of the party, whose duty it is to keep the South and East together, is to build up another leader of the wet, urban Democrats, and to build up another issue as a rival to prohibition. If the northern Democrats are determined to be wet, let them be led by a wet Protestant. Or, if they are determined to be Catholic, let them be led by a dry Catholic. Few Democrats believe that if so wet a Protestant as Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, or as dry a Catholic as Senator Thomas Walsh of Montana, had been the Presidential nominee in 1928, the party would have split. The alternative to pleasing the urban Democrats of the north is to go back to the McAdoo plan of combining the South with the West: in short, to invite another Madison Square Garden

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The ideal solution is to find something upon which all Democrats can agree. This, preferably, should be something about which the insurgent Republicans of the West are excited enough to leave their party.

One issue, besides prohibition, has expressed itself in an acute way during the last few months. It is the amorphous anti-big business issue of which the core is "power" and the next definite layer is control of public utilities. It has been defined in such comprehensive expressions as "human rights versus property rights" and "liberalism versus conservatism." In just what form it will stiffen remains to be seen, but it was seen in the sudden burst of opposition to the confirmation of Hughes and of Parker. Judge Parker had to face certain specific difficulties, such as the opposition of Negroes and of organized labor. He lacked, too, the distinguished record to carry him safely over the charge that he was chosen primarily to help the Republican party in the South. However, no other explanation has been suggested for the opposition to Hughes than the fear that, as one of the leading corporation lawyers of the country, he would tend to perpetuate some sort of bias toward big business on the part of the Supreme Court.

The most tangible thing the Supreme Court has done to favor big business is its line of decisions defining the minimum return to which public utilities are entitled. The complexities of the questions of valuation, rates of return, and depreciation are too great to make good campaign material. But they can be reduced to a simple picture: the ordinary household consumer of electricity, gas and telephone service being "mulcted to feed the greed of Wall Street." This picture can be presented with unlimited variations. It can be altered slightly to depict elimination of the local merchant by the chain store, which keen-eared politicians in Washington are finding a subject of controversy over most of the country.

It would be equally apt for a higher tariff. Now that the Grundy tariff has become law, Democratic orators are very indignant about the raw deal the Republican party has given the consumer. The fact that some Democrats were as zealous as Senator Grundy himself in "protecting" the industries of their respective states will in no way soften their indignation over the Republican party's treachery to the consumer.

The cause of the consumer against big business, "of human rights against property rights," is well-grounded in the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian traditions, about which southern and northern Democrats speak so fervently when they are being polite to each other. Its political effectiveness depends upon getting it into concrete form to produce votes.

In one concrete form, ownership and operation of water power sites, it has been a much-debated political issue for several years, but most politicians doubt that, except in a few states especially affected, it has made or lost many votes. It has been, rather, the rallying point for a small minority of serious-minded "liberals." It has been, too, a convenient subject for outward agreement, when other issues were troublesome. In 1928, a considerable number of politicians called "power" the prominent issue. Senator George W. Norris, the dry Nebraska insurgent, thought it was, and left his party to support Smith. No one could doubt that Norris, the indefatigable foe of the power trust, really thought power the paramount issue. Senator Borah, who stands with Norris on the power question, decided, on the other hand, that prohibition was the most important issue, and took the stump against Smith.

Philadelphia Public Ledger

PANDORA

Some of Democracy's troubles in 1924

Among the southern Democrats, to take only one example, Senator Simmons decided that prohibition was the most important issue, and that he could not support Smith. Josephus Daniels, who is no less dry than Simmons, proclaimed power the paramount issue—and supported Smith.

There is no evidence that power swayed any great number of votes in the Presidential election of 1928. Estimates of how many votes prohibition swayed, must vary according to the comparative importance one attaches to Smith's Catholicism and to his opposition to prohibition. Certainly, no one would deny that the populace as a whole was much more excited about prohibition than it was about power in 1928, and than it is today.

When expanded into the regulation of public utilities, power holds the promise of becoming a bigger vote-maker. Formerly its appeal lay in the picture of the "power monopoly" trying to steal something—Muscle Shoals or the St. Lawrence site—which belongs to the public, i.e., the voter. It can be made a more intimate "pocket-book" issue through the picture of public utility monopolies enriching themselves, day by day, by charging too much for their services. The spectacular rises in the common stocks of these companies have been indisputable evidences of their prosperity. The zeal with which the utilities dispute any suggestion that the majority of the Supreme Court has not granted them a perpetual right to such prosperity supports the idea that public utility regulation is potentially a real issue.

If the public, now that the solvent of general prosperity is lacking, could be made as emotional about its electricity, gas, and telephone bills as it is about its liquor, the leaders of Democracy could look forward with some equanimity to a peaceable national convention in 1932. If the public could be made as emotional about the tariff, they could likewise enjoy repose. Thus their objective is to put a soft pedal upon prohibition, or to try to localize it, and to build up public utility regulation or the

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God's Dark Children

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

IN ANY COUNTRY in which a state religion is displaced by a multitude of jealous sects, there is sure to be much professed in the name of religion to move the thoughtful to grim mirth and soulful disgust. In our country at this time we seem to have a different kind of religion for every color and for every rank in our secret and chaotic caste system. And this confusion tends more powerfully to repel the discerning from the church-door than to attract him to any sanctuary.

Religion is a primitive instinct, and perhaps it is among primitives that it is most genuinely practiced. Surely the Indian who took a forthright satisfaction in slaying his enemies and yet who adored with no halting heart the Great Spirit is closer to God than the supposed Christian who robs and browbeats his neighbors for six days, and then appears on Sunday as a pillar of the church and of society.

Wearying somewhat of cathedrals, and of creeds, and of the vanities of the world in possession of sanctuaries, I am turning for my appreciation of true religion to a very humble people, living the lowliest of lives, far from the madding crowd. I am turning to the plantation Negroes I have known and loved since childhood. In some unmistakably genuine essentials, if they are not close to Christ, no one in the whole world is any more. Perhaps because they have not shared in civilization's proud advance is the very reason why the ancient faith is still so mastering to them. Life teaches us that he who goes far may gain much; but he is likewise sure to leave much behind. Culturally, the Negro of whom I speak has not gained; but in his obscurity and his humility he has kept the faith in a way to make those who have apparently outstripped him doubt the worth of their advance.

A STRANGE combination of circumstances has rendered this effect possible. Brought to America a slave, the Negro of my part of the country became the servant of English Cavaliers and of French Huguenots; and in these ruling classes the Protestant religion came in America to a flowering approaching mortal perfection—which is to say that though it had its faults, it was astonishingly sincere, adequate, and salutary.

It was fortunate, as Edgar Allan Poe pointed out, that the slaves became the property of Cavaliers rather than of Puritans; not that the latter were in any way inferior to the former—only that they were different. The Cavaliers (and the French Huguenots shared their qualities) were generous, high-spirited, indulgent, used to a superior station, accustomed to command with kindness, capable of inspiring deep loyalty and deep affection. The Puritan was less intent upon spending his heart in the kindly offices of neighborliness than he was sternly bent upon strictly placating a terrific and black-browed Jehovah. The Puritan's life was reflected in the austere snows, the frosty starlight, the bleak wintry landscape of New England. The Cavalier's was interpreted by the roses, the camellias, the serene climate, the jasmine-charm of the far South—where life often has an almost mad and sobbing beauty, an insufferable ecstasy of peace.

Those who believe in the divine ordering of history may discover in the coming of the slaves to the country south of Richmond much to support their views; and they will discover further that among the Cavaliers and the Huguenots the Negro advanced more during his two hundred years of slavery than he had advanced in Africa during twenty thousand years of freedom. We can account for this phenomenal advance by ascribing it chiefly to the charity of the religion of the slave masters, who in many cases discovered in the system more moral obligations than financial advantages.

Not long ago I had the privilege of conversing with a bishop of the Methodist Church. He was telling me of a visit he had made to a Negro college in the South, where he had been greatly impressed by what he felt was an amazing advance for the Negro.

"And to think," he said, "that the grandparents of those young people were in slavery!"

"But, Bishop," I suggested, "would it not be fairer to say that those young people stand where they do today *because of* slavery?"

Being unwilling to concede the shallowness of his view, he gave me a commiserating look, such as a professional prohibitionist gives to a believer in temperance—and answered nothing. Yet a knowledge of history should have told him that, but for slavery, those young people would still be in hopeless savagery in the heart of the Dark Continent. Ingenuously viewed, slavery afforded the Negro a larger and more salutary opportunity for development than emancipation. This view is apparently held by the discerning and the discriminating in both North and South; and for the North found authentic utterance in Theodore Roosevelt, who, in his *Life of Benton*, declared, with his usual robust clarity, that it would have been far better for the Negro could emancipation have been delayed two hundred years.

BUT THAT IS a settled issue, and with it we are not concerned. We are rather to examine the religion of the modern Negro as that religion is manifested in those parts of the South where the black man has not greatly changed since 1863.

The Negro brought with him to the South a dim sense of God, an awareness of the Vast Invisible, a deep superstition, an oriental acceptance of life as mystery and fate. Among his white masters he encountered a religion of quiet affection, of gentleness, of all that makes human association endearing and ennobling. The savage became a Protestant; in many cases he became a Church of England communicant. A study of the records of some of the old southern parishes will reveal the strange fact that thousands of slaves were church-members. Their masters, wise and compassionate, were careful to minister to their spiritual as well as to their physical welfare.

But the fact of this admission to high spiritual fellowship was perhaps less remarkable than was the capacity of the Negroes genuinely to assume it. Apparently they understood—and they tried to live by the religion of Christ as that was expounded to them not only by their masters, but as it was exemplified to them daily in the lives of their gentle and refined superiors. All parents have imposed on them the grave necessity of living in such a manner that their children may safely follow their example; this same sense of responsibility the masters felt toward their slaves who, it was soon learned, were swift to discover the vices and virtues of those

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above them, and as swift to imitate either evil or good behavior. Wickedness in a superior appears to sanction, or at least to condone, sin in an inferior. If, therefore, the white man's religion helped the Negro, the Negro's presence assisted in sustaining the white man's behavior. The child disciplines the parent often more profoundly than the parent the child.

Being an Oriental, and coming in contact with Christianity, which, it should always be remembered, is an oriental faith, the Negro found it easy to perceive and to accept the heart of Christ's teachings. Intellectually, the Negro may be backward; but spiritually he is richly endowed. Some of the dullest people of my acquaintance are Ph.D.'s, while some of the most vital and mentally clairvoyant can neither read nor write.

When we consider the religion of the plantation Negro we come to a religion identical in essentials with the Protestantism of early America, with the faith of the Fathers of the Republic, with the sacred belief of refugees and pioneers in wilderness parishes of the Year of Grace 1700. The plantation Negro still has unimpaired this beautiful and noble faith. When I contrast it with the hectic brands of our roof-hearted and feverish civilization, I feel like one who, famished in the Sahara, comes to an oasis, with deep shade, cool palms, crystal waters, heavenly assuaging of mortal need.

The Negro I know is not only uncontaminated by civilization in its grosser material aspects, but he has not been at all captivated by the spectacle of those abortions of religion by which our age has been so speciously regaled: by mountebank ministers who (for almost as large purses as prizefighters get) perform physically for the amusement and the pruriency of their venal congregations; by the bawling fury of revivalists, who will undertake to convert anybody (temporarily) for cash; by brass bands in churches, and imported ungodly singers; by the transforming of God's sanctuary into a social emporium; by the convenient substitution of hilarious picnics and comforting suppers for a broken and a contrite heart.

In short, the Negro I know has not been misled by spectacular substitutes. He seems still to feel—so sadly is he behind our brave advance!—that religion is a sacred, a secret, a personal relation between his heart and the life of God; and that all else masquerading as religion is vanity. He is too wise and profound to be impressed by outward fabulous show. I doubt if Negroes will ever build a cathedral; not that they will be incapable of so doing, but rather because they will not be convinced of the spiritual necessity for it. And we know that the effect of architecture upon behavior is not significant. One does not go to a cathedral town to study superior morality.

One day I was lamenting to old Anthony Lee, the patriarch Negro of my plantation flock, the fact that his people had never finished the spire on their little church.

"Ah, Cap'n," he said penetrantly, unmoved by my concern, "*here* is the true temple."

And he pointed to his heart.

A COLORED PREACHER
Drawing by C. S. Reinhart in Harper's Weekly, 1890

All my life it has been my privilege to be instructed spiritually by Negroes. Saint Joan, amid the roaring faggots, looked upward, saying only, "Blessed Jesus." There is enough in those words to lead humanity to redemption. But I would place beside them the last words of my beloved Prince Alston, a Negro who was my comrade for forty years. He died when his family had great need of him, when he was happy, when he did not wish to go. "Now," he said calmly, "I am going to my heavenly home."

If every good churchgoer could so pass, I should have considerably more faith in the church in civilization.

One day I was lamenting to an old Negro the death of two of my dearest friends. He heard me in silence; and I observed that his expression had in it less of sympathy than of disappointment.

"How, Cap'n," he asked when I had ended my sorrowful tale, "ain't you got no hope?"

It was a just rebuke, prompted by a deep religious sense.

To me it has always appeared that a simple faith is far more natural to people rurally environed than to those amid the artificial palaces of civilization. From the dawn of history shepherds and herdsmen and woodsmen have been natural worshipers. Lying from birth on the ample sweet bosom of nature, nourished at those fragrant breasts, they who are country-dwellers never find it hard to sense the nearness and the power and the love of God; whereas the city-dweller, surrounded by the work and the power and the imperfections in character of man, are less free to feel God with them. So, at least, it seems to me.

Now, the plantation Negro walks barefooted and bareheaded through the twinkling dew and under the white stars. He is almost as essential a part of the landscape as the great pines, the lordly river, the druid cypresses, the fragrant-with-fecundity black loam. He seems moulded for a place in plantation life by the great Mother. Sometimes when walking the woods with a Negro I

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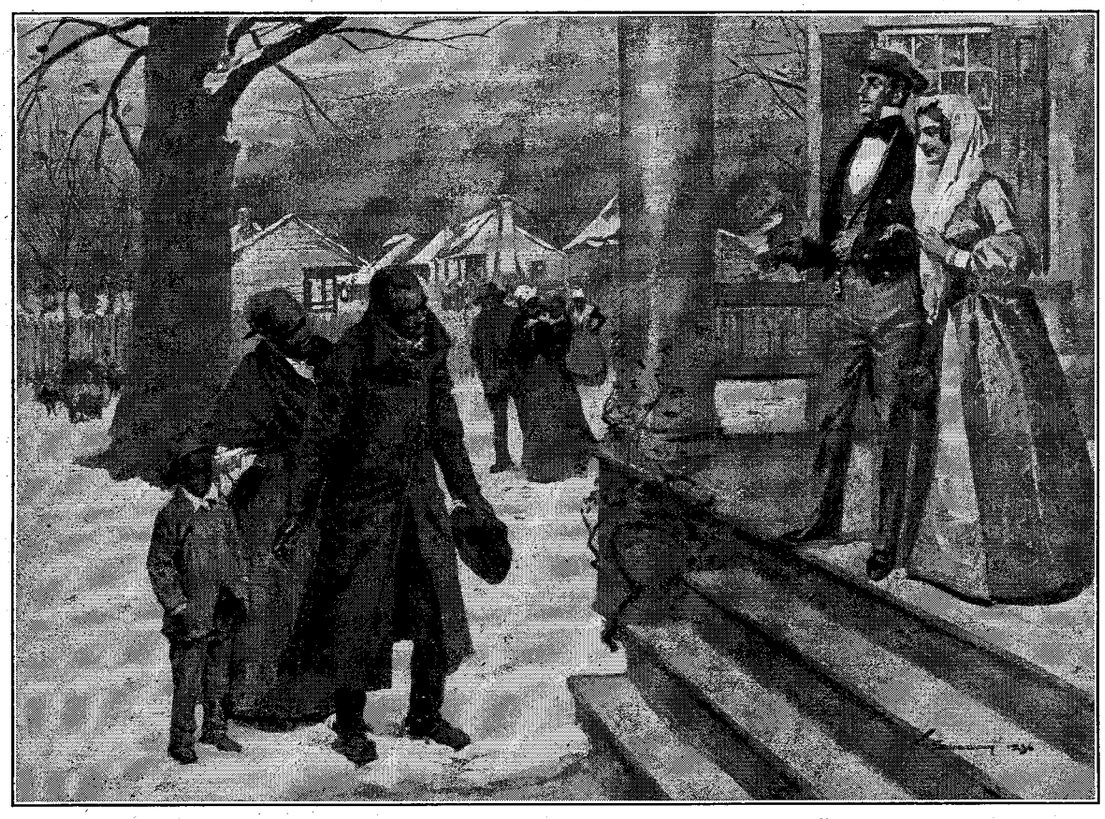

A PLANTATION CHRISTMAS "'FORE DE WAR"
Illustration by W. T. Smedley in Harper's Weekly, 1896

feel that he is the proprietor, I the visitor.

Because his superstition is still with him—and how beneficial superstition can sometimes be!—the plantation Negro's religion has in it a pagan, perhaps a pantheistic strain, which is by no means a poor foundation on which to rest Christian faith. It would be well for fundamentalists to recognize that the worship of nature and the worship of nature's God go hand-in-hand; and that he who worships the God of the universe is usually ready to accept Christ as the Son of that God.

I never knew a Negro atheist or a Negro freethinker. This race is by instinct religious. And out of its heart has issued, like the *misereres* of the pines, one of the two types of genuine lyrics indigenous to American soil—the ballads of the mountaineers being the other. The popularity of the spirituals and the consequent commercializing of them has tainted them somewhat with artificiality. There have been dance-hall versions of these classics; and some recent plays have owed their popularity to the rendering of spirituals by fairly competent singers.

But he who would hear the true spiritual, and come, through hearing it, to an understanding of its power to interpret the Negro's religion, must hear the spiritual at its source. I have often listened not only unmoved but somewhat bored to the rendering of these matchless lyrics by trained voices which have, in attempting these particular songs, one fatal defect: a conscious twang of restraint and civilization, the inhibitions of city life. But I never listen to them without being profoundly affected by the wild, mournful, abandoned, soul-gushing-forth melody of the spirituals as they are heard in plantation solitudes. Then I hear Sam Gaillard's tenor, grieving like a lonely night-sounding bugle; and Sue Alston's rich contralto, full of violins and moonlight, and flowing as naturally as a deep stream in a fragrant meadow; and Florence Colleton's harplike soprano, choiring like a voice celestial; and Steve Boykin's velvet bass, rolling out in soft melodious thunder. There is no other music like this; there can be no closer contact established between the human heart and its Creator than by these moonlit crystal bridges of song, builded by love and by eternal longings. . . . They mean more to me, far more, than all the *Te Deums* of all the proud ministers.

Yet it is not the melting melody alone that makes the spirituals appealing; it is the fact that I see manifested everywhere the loving-kindness of the Negro to the Negro that makes me love his religious songs.

In a village church I once sat next to a comfortable complacent white butcher, who notoriously short changed all his friends and neighbors. With stentorian dissonance he bawled the hymn, *I am Jesus' little lamb*. He sang what he did not mean, or feel, or understand. The Negro sings because he is incurably religious, and he takes his religion into real life.

Very touching to me is the faithful solicitude with which plantation Negroes "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." With pathetically little to give of things material, they are spendthrifts of heart—which is, perhaps, life's final wisdom. With infinite patience, unselfishness, and affection they nurse the sick, visit the sorrowful, cheer the disconsolate, help to recall the straying. I do not know that the religion of the mighty Dreamer of Galilee calls upon any human being to do more than that.

And the Negro has been good to me. For me he has performed a thousand obscure and touching fealties. He is continually going the second mile. I have Negro friends to whom I have often trusted things most precious to me. Not one of them has yet betrayed that trust.

Leaving the plantation one Christmas Eve for a visit with some neighbors, I told my Negroes that they could go home at seven o'clock . . . On my return, after midnight, I found them waiting for me with lamps and fires lighted—and at the same time depriving themselves of most tempting Watch Night service going on in their own church. . . .

Not infrequently I learn the true meaning of *fidelity* by becoming aware of a Negro's faithfulness.

Perhaps there is no sensitive and reflective mind that does not have its times of doubt, its fears over the reality of

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Keyserling, Peddler of Wisdom

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

COUNT HERMANN ALEXANDER KEYSERLING first burst upon the American public in 1925 and he has been a pretty constant factor in the intellectual interests of this country since that date. Apparently he had been known in Europe for about fifteen years before his reputation penetrated the English-speaking world. But with the wave of German post-war intellectual exports, Keyserling, together with Oswald Spengler and Egon Friedell, was presented to us by enterprising publishers as examples of just what the Germans were capable of doing. Who it was that first raised a cry against these men I do not know, but perhaps it was the French critic Henri Massis, who attacked them not as Germans or scholars or "mystics" but as western Europeans who had succumbed to the Oriental influence. In any case the counter-barrage of criticism was not sufficiently strong to prevent Keyserling, at least, from gaining a large following in this country. His books have been taken seriously by a considerable number of our intellectual leaders, enough to make it possible for him to appear in our better magazines and upon the American lecture platform as one of the chief contemporary peddlers of "wisdom."

Oswald Spengler seems chiefly to have influenced those readers who are capable of sustained intellectual effort, for his *Decline of the West* is not the sort of work to be tossed off in a week-end. Neither is his influence altogether deleterious, and an interesting essay could be written on "How to Read Spengler" with the idea of abstracting from the mass of portentous verbiage with which his work is cluttered the valuable and fruitful ideas. Herr Friedell, on the other hand, seems to have been overlooked entirely. The first volume of *A Cultural History of the Modern Age* is a valuable book and one that can be read with a great deal of profit if one does not swallow it whole. For like Keyserling and Spengler, Friedell is full of popular mysticism. "Popular mysticism" I take to mean "emotional waddle." Friedell is a religious reactionary of the most pernicious sort, hostile to the modern mind, and yet at the same time a man of great learning, a skillful stylist, and a writer capable of illuminating portrayals of and penetrating generalizations about, complex cultural situations. In American terms he is a combination of a village pastor and James Harvey Robinson. As cultural stimulants, I should rank these three men as follows: First, Oswald Spengler; second, Egon Friedell; and third, Count Keyserling.

KEYSERLING is an altogether dangerous man to any one who takes a serious interest in intellectual affairs. With a specious show of unique spirituality he palms off on the unwary reader an amazing combination of cocksure opinion, utter nonsense, and reasonably cogent observation. As in the case of any intellectual figure worth discussing at all, it is when we examine the bases of his mind that we see just how pernicious he really is. Most readers, it seems to me, read only the top of a book, so to speak. They skim over the surface, barely grazing the meaning. Since that is so, they get an idea here and another there, without bothering to discover the basis from which those ideas were delivered. In the case of critical judgments it is particularly important to know what is going on in a man's mind if we are to understand the significance of the judgment. It may be that a critic will have, in the popular phrase, the worst reasons for the correct conclusion. And while in argumentation it may be a pleasant pastime to cite the conclusion, yet in any serious discussion it is necessary not only to grasp the conclusion but also the basis of it.

Let us look at the bases of Keyserling's mind. Fortunately he makes no mystery of the matter. He makes clear from what standpoint he writes fat books on subjects of which he admittedly knows nothing. "I am a philosopher. . . . I am a thinker . . . I want to live for all, and yet, more than any other man, I am taken up with myself. . . . Well, I am without doubt exceptionally self-centered." So he writes in the autobiographical fragment contained in *The World in the Making*. Self-assurance, or, baldly, egotism, is a self-confessed constituent of his personality. (Admittedly all writers are egotists, for otherwise they would be unable to believe that their opinions were worth committing to paper.) Egotism and exact learning are not incompatible. But Keyserling has no use for learning, as we shall see, and one of the most amusing, but at the same time relevatory, mental habits of which he is possessed, is the habit of peppering his books with cross-references to other books which he has composed. In this fashion he forces the interested reader to acquire all of his books, for without them all one is never sure that he has a complete understanding of the one immediately in hand. It makes clear, too, that Keyserling believes that anything he himself has said on a subject is far more important than anything any one else may have said. Since he has said something about almost every conceivable intellectual problem, his system of cross-references rarely achieves a stale-mate. Like all prophets, his system is self-contained and little nourished from the outside. ". . . I felt in my earliest years that this ego of mine was possessed of exceptional abilities. . . ." He has never lost that belief.

If he abjures the labor of exact learning and sets up a cross play of beams of his own wisdom to illuminate his several books, what then does Keyserling rely upon for his store of "wisdom"? The "ideal . . . man [is] one raised above all opinions, knowing all things directly and perfectly because he [stands] in necessary and direct relation to the *totality* of the universe. . . ." The crucial words here are "knowing all things directly. . . ." In other words, it is not necessary to accumulate facts and from them draw carefully framed conclusions. It is but necessary to apprehend ideas, conclusions, directly from out of the primeval void—"the totality of the universe." This is certainly a labor saving device, if nothing else. It saves one from the horrible necessity of being somewhere near correct in one's generalizations. Keyserling writes: "I am fundamentally indifferent to the question whether I am correct in all my statements of facts. Most probably on many occasions I am not. And this not only because my information is limited, but chiefly because, in order to act creatively, I had to simplify, to exaggerate, to caricature even, as the case may be; what may appear to many a lack of information is very often an intentional artistic form." This bizarre disregard for factual data is the reason why Keyserling's *America Set Free* is an amusing, bloated tract, while the works of de Tocqueville, Bryce and

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Siegfried are classics of observation and deduction. Keyserling acts on the principle that you don't have to know anything to *know* a great deal.

OF COURSE he disproves his own dogma and shows us that the more he knows about a subject, the better is his book on the topic. From his autobiography it is perfectly obvious that he knows (in the ordinary sense) a good deal about Europe. He was born on July 20, 1880 in what is now Esthonia. Educated in German universities, he subsequently resided for a considerable period in France. He visited Austria on many occasions and knew something of Hungary. He also knew something of England before the War and, indeed, speaks, reads and writes English with remarkable precision. In fact, his knowledge of Europe is fairly extensive and he has an intimate knowledge of the major countries, Germany, France and England. Furthermore, to his advantage as a critic, he is a foreigner in all of them. His book *Europe,* consequently, is the most valuable he ever wrote, transcending in my opinion, his far more celebrated *Travel Diary of a Philosopher.* In it he attempts to assay the part to be played by each nation in the Europe of the future. He starts with the English and after a highly amusing discourse in which he compares the Englishman to a hunting dog in his capacity to believe in his instincts and follow them, he arrives at the none too startling conclusion that the greatest English capacity is for political government. Unfortunately, he regards the world in which this capacity was most clearly demonstrated as dead. He believes that England will fall a victim to the Mass Age. With regard to France, he is convinced that her intellectual prestige will recede until such time as a new balance of cultural forces is achieved. Once balance is achieved again, she will assert her primacy as a culture-teaching nation and bring the new synthesis to final perfection. Spain will contribute most in the realm of the more intangible values, and her prophet is Unamuno. Italy's contribution will be in personalities, some of dubious value since she oscillates between earthy practicality and absurd theatricalism. Germany, he conceives as the laboratory of Europe. Switzerland is a negative quantity, the epitome of all that is contemptible in the Europe spirit. The smaller countries of Europe (except the Baltic states which are of importance as cultural buffers between Europe and Russia) will assume importance in so far as they produce great men. But the model for the ruling class (Keyserling is anti-democratic—an admirer of Mussolini) will be the Hungarian aristocracy! Well, these are interesting opinions, and perhaps worth weighing, but I am inclined to echo the opinion of a writer in *The Criterion* who remarked that the book seemed good to him in proportion to his ignorance of the country under discussion. The point is that Keyserling, even at his best, is the sort of writer to be taken with a shaker of salt, just because his method is so open to suspicion.

In his book on America he gives his whole game away and after reading the passage I am going to cite I wonder how any reader was able to go on and read the rest of the rigmarole:

> I took great care . . . to read as little as possible about that continent before I went. During my travels about the country, I guarded myself with almost old-maidish precaution against information. I looked at none of the obvious sights if I could help it. I asked few questions. I succeeded in meeting none of those men who are called great because they happen to be, as they say in America, on the map. I went out little; I read hardly any papers; I did everything in my power to keep my conscience clear from accidental impressions. . . . I kept in contact almost exclusively with the subconscious side of American life. And as far as I was mentally alive, I used exclusively the faculty of intuition, the one faculty which establishes an immediate contact with the wholeness of life. But all the same I am far from sure I have hit the truth all the time. First of all I stayed in the United States too long—fully four months.

This is certainly an amazing confession taken by itself, but when read in the light of the excerpts from other books, given above, it is just what was to be expected from the bearded Count. What a funny picture of himself he conjures up: avoiding America to understand America, fleeing down the highways of the world to get away from his subject! What, may I ask, was Keyserling's purpose in coming to America at all? Did he have no better reason than to collect fees for lectures?

FORTUNATELY one must give the devil his due, and it is burthen upon me to give Keyserling his due. "My significance is not to be sought in any individual view of mine, or an individual attitude, whatever such may be; it is to be sought in the general rhythm of my life and the general possibilities which this symbolizes." The rhythm of his life, he tells us, is determined by an alternation between Eastern contemplation and Western action, and is to be explained on the basis of his inheritance. Since, as he emphasizes, he is a unique biological product, I fail to see how the "general rhythm" of his life is going to be of much use to the general run of people. Nevertheless, it is worthwhile to turn our attention to "what I consider to be my most original gift—that of an orchestral conductor of the spirit." This is pleasantly indefinite, meaning nothing in particular, but it leads us to the heart of Keyserling's true contribution. He is a physician of the soul. He writes: "Understanding premises before everything else a corresponding inner state, and is in no wise to be attained merely by outward study." Taken by itself (a habit against which I warned the reader earlier) that is true. Taken with reference to Keyserling's purpose it is disastrous nonsense. For what he is trying to do is to provide the mechanism whereby the "corresponding inner state" will be brought to life—"to realize anew the actuality of the soul on a higher plane of understanding." He does this through a complicated form of psychological gymnastics. The issue is the ability to "know things directly and perfectly" by standing "in necessary and direct relation to the totality of the universe . . ." i.e., to know things intuitively!

Correctly to place Keyserling in the hierarchy of psychological gymnasts it is necessary to correlate two passages from the *Travel Diary:*

> Theo- and Anthropo-sophy, New Thought, Christian Science, the New Gnosis, Vivekanada's Vedantism, the Neo-Persian and Indo-Islamic Esoterism, not to mention those of the Hindus and the Buddhists, the Bahai system, the professed faiths of the various spiritualistic and occult circles, and even the freemasons, all start from essentially the same bases, and their movements are certain to have a greater future than official Christianity.
>
> No matter how naïve, how crude, the concept of the Christian Scientist, and the various sects of New Thought may be in detail—these religious bodies have the immense merit that they definitely accomplish the embodiment of the spiritual ideal in temporal struggle, and in that simplest form which alone can influence the masses.

Keyserling finds his natural American allies among the incipient and actual Christian Scientists and New Thoughters. It is not amazing that he felt very much at home in California, for there,

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more than any other place in America, do such cults—and they are myriad—flourish.

Yet such an analysis is faulty in that it narrows Keyserling's appeal too much to explain his extraordinary vogue. The American mind has as one of its permanent constituents a hospitality to the sort of thing Keyserling so brilliantly represents. It is one of the unfortunate gaps in our critical equipment that there is no historical survey of this subject, but fortunately there is a book on the stands at the present moment which sketchily indicates the significance of the material. S. Foster Damon's *Thomas Holley Chivers* contains a brilliant running history of the appeal the vague and "mystical" makes, and since he has a greater knowledge than any other living American of the occult and the intellectually absurd, his description may be taken as adequate so far as it goes. Damon points out that Americans have always had a weakness for "psychology," that word which covers a multitude of crimes. To begin with, it is necessary to know that the rationalistic Eighteenth Century made little impression on the American mind in spite of the fact that our political Fathers drew heavily from the writers this century produced in England and France. Rather, American literature derives from the English seventeenth century, and instead of beginning in a predominant rationalism it has always been "psychological." Mr. Damon rapidly traces the consequences of this in the works of Jonathan Edwards, Charles Brockden Brown, Poe, Emerson and others on the higher levels, and in the popularity of phrenology, Mesmerism (Hypnotism) (leading to Dr. Quimby and Mrs. Eddy), the subjective spiritualism of Andrew Jackson Davis and the objective spiritualism of the Fox sisters. It also explains the influence of such cults as Swedenborgianism which, through Henry James Sr., leads us directly to America's first great scientific psychologist, William James. And as to William James, it is well to recall Santayana's famous observations: ". . . William James kept his mind and heart wide open to all that might seem, to polite minds, odd, personal, or visionary in religion and philosophy. He gave a sincerely respectful hearing to sentimentalists, mystics, spiritualists, wizards, cranks, quacks, and impostors—for it is hard to draw the line, and James was not willing to draw it prematurely."

Harpers

THE BEARDED COUNT
Hermann Alexander Keyserling

Susceptibility to the seductions of such men as Keyserling is then explicable by reference to our cultural history. As he was not the first, so he will not be the last of his type to seduce our intellectuals. But that should not blind us to the fact that the description which Professor Irwin Edman gave of Keyserling's book, *America Set Free,* is true of the Count's written work as a whole: "The book is the weirdest amalgam of random insights and idiocies ever blurbed into importance by a publisher."

BUT IF THE Count's books are hardly worth the quite considerable labor of reading them, his personality remains, and it is his personality that seems to overwhelm so many. Naturally a man of his type has given rise to many legends such as refusing to eat his dinner unless he had champagne to drink; insisting on being surrounded by beautiful women; and demanding several hours daily during which he must be rigidly protected from noise—apparently so that he may get in proper relation to the "totality of the universe." None of these things is truer of Keyserling, apparently, than of any man of similar pretensions. Indeed the stories about him resemble those about that other mystical prophet, Gurdjieff.

The Count seems, however, to be a most human sort of person. He can be entirely charming and ingratiating, for otherwise he could not accomplish what he is after; he could not transmit inspiration to his followers. Nine-tenths of the stock in trade of men of the Keyserling variety is just "personality" and nothing more. Keyserling is, as the ladies like to say about their lecture platform heroes, "so interesting." And as one might expect, he is a superlative talker. Look into almost any personal reminiscence about him, and that fact is emphasized. He talks with extreme rapidity in at least five languages — Russian, German, English, French, Spanish. "When he is talking you get the impression of complete animation," one who has met him relates. "His light eyes flash. He stops now and again in his brisk walk to emphasize a point with quick gestures, and if you laugh, he laughs also. Then, perhaps, he pauses in his talk. On the instant his look is transformed. Instead of being animated every feature reflects contemplation." Talk, whether in print or out, is his stock in trade and since he talks so much it is not remarkable that he occasionally says something worth hearing.

Altogether he is a man fitted by nature to peddle "inspiration." His School of Wisdom at Darmstadt is not a place

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The Trend of Events

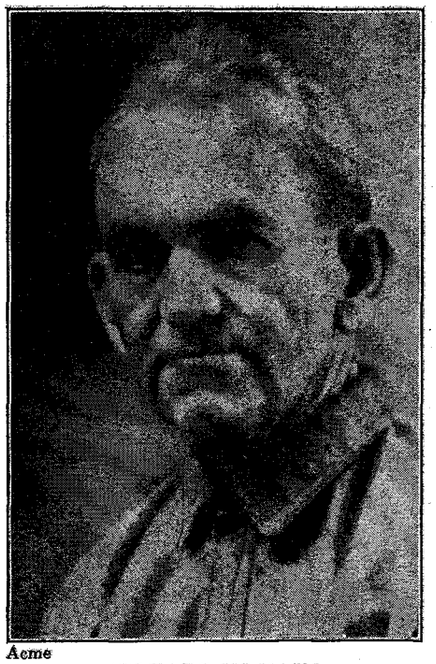
Mooney and Billings

AS WE explained last week, under California law persons twice convicted of felonies may be pardoned by the Governor only on recommendation of the State Supreme Court. Hence, the twice-convicted (and, he insists, twice-framed) Warren K. Billings addressed his appeal to the court, while Thomas J. Mooney addressed his to Governor Young. When Billings' petition was refused by the court, it was a foregone conclusion that Mooney's would be refused by the Governor, who, not unreasonably, had assumed that both men were guilty or both innocent.

Now why did the movement for the release of Mooney and Billings continue unabated after the decisions of the Governor, his Advisory Pardon Board and the California Supreme Court? The answers are plain. The backbone of the movement does not consist of persons substituting prejudice for information. The very judge who presided at the Mooney trial has since become convinced that Mooney is innocent. So has the foreman of the jury which convicted Mooney, and so have nine of the ten living jurymen. So, too, have many others who are familiar with all the facts.

In view of this situation, nothing could stop the movement save, perhaps, definite proof adduced by—or at least a definite assertion made by—the Supreme Court, the Pardon Board or Governor Young that Mooney and Billings are guilty. To judge from available portions of their statements, no such proof is adduced and no such assertion is made. The Supreme Court seems uncertain, the Governor even more so. What the court says in a great many words is that, if Billings did not commit the Preparedness Day crime, he and Mooney know who did. What the Governor says is that "Until some further light is shed upon the case which I do not now possess, I manifestly must accept the conclusions of the Supreme Court and the Advisory Pardon Board."

Fortunately, the cases may not end here. Governor Young suggests to the court that, should witnesses who have repudiated their testimony at the Billings trial appear before it, they be given a hearing. He himself promises to grant a hearing to witnesses who have repudiated their testimony at the Mooney trial. This may open the door but a crack—perhaps merely to gratify the pro-Mooney minority in California—but it does open it a crack. It is up to the friends of Mooney and Billings to take advantage of the fact by rounding up material witnesses. We are glad to note that they are doing so; that John MacDonald has been found in Baltimore, where he has issued a statement



Acme

PLEADS IN VAIN

Thomas J. Mooney's petition for pardon refused by Governor Young

admitting that his important testimony for the prosecution in the Mooney-Billings cases was "untrue and false."

Archipelago

THE TIRED ARM of American prohibition enforcement reaches toward Paris to dam the flood of intoxicants flowing into the United States from the French islands of St. Pierre, Miquelon and Langlade, a dozen miles off the southern coast of Newfoundland. From Washington come reports that the smuggling will be checked. From the Quai d'Orsay come denials. From the islands come wines and liquors.

It is at the port of St. Pierre, on the islet of that name—the smallest and most important of the rocky, barren group—that alcoholic shipping flourishes. Together the three islands cover less than 200 square miles and harbor fewer than 5,000 inhabitants, mostly French. Every one looks to St. Pierre, a capital without big buildings, streetcars, hotels or daily newspapers. There are the comic-opera gendarmes, the heavy-booted fishermen, the ox teams and dog carts, the priests with shovel hats and long black gowns, the graves blasted from solid rock, the cafés—and the suspicious-looking boxes on the wharves.

The boxes come into St. Pierre on English, Scotch, French and Canadian vessels and leave on coasters cleared for the West Indies. Skirting America's twelve-mile limit, these craft transfer their goods to fleet motorboats at night, proceed to the West Indies for general cargoes and return to St. Pierre to catch their breaths. America formally protested against all this two years ago.

That was not the first fight over the islands, sole remnants, as they are, of the glorious New France of the Eighteenth Century. Settled in 1660 by hardy Basques, the archipelago changed hands eight times (France to Britain to France) until the Treaty of Paris in 1814 placed it permanently under the tricolor. The cod fisheries brought, while lack of bait destroyed, prosperity, handsome homes and a gay social life. In 1904 France sold her treaty rights to catch small fish off the Newfoundland coast and Newfoundland passed an act prohibiting the sale of bait to ships of aliens.

Another blow fell during the World War—the transference of all St. Pierre crews to the French navy and its auxiliary services. Peace time brought a trade recovery; American prohibition brought a new trade. Since 1922 imports from the United States have nearly doubled, while exports to this country have increased ten thousand per cent. Unofficial exports in boxes not counted.

Delay in the Senate

FIFTY-EIGHT SENATORS convened on July 7 to ponder the London naval treaty. Thirty-eight of our great statesmen found it inconvenient to be present and so remained nonchalantly away.

In his message to the special session Mr. Hoover was weak in reviewing the treaty's achievements—which in truth

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are not very great—but strong in indicating why it should be ratified. The question before us now, he said, "is whether we shall have this treaty or no treaty. . . . The only alternative to this treaty is the competitive building of navies with all its flow of suspicion, hate, ill-will and ultimate disaster. . . . If we fail now the world will be again plunged backward from its progress toward peace."

Having listened to the President's message, the Senate got down to business. To monkey business. Senator McKellar, one of the treaty's opponents, introduced a resolution requesting the President to submit all confidential documents touching on the treaty's negotiation. For the next three days the Senate discussed this resolution inside and out. Inevitably the debate was dull, since it was repetitious. But a few weeks before, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had asked the Administration for these confidential documents and had been politely refused.

Eventually, the Senate as a whole tamely requested the President to submit the documents if this would not be incompatible with the public interests. Mr. Hoover replied that any Senator might see the material referred to but must agree to keep it confidential. Nothing, we believe, could be fairer. To judge the treaty intelligently, it is necessary for the Senators to understand all the steps leading up to it. Yet it is obvious that the confidential documents must not be made public. Mr. Hoover's plan meets both necessities perfectly.

The Senate's request for these documents was prompted only in part by hostility to the treaty. In part it was also prompted by the always-evident desire of the Senate to maintain and extend its powers. Yet the three-day delay, with the prospect of more days to come in which the London agreement itself would be discussed incidentally if at all, delighted the treaty's enemies. What they want is time—time to win over lukewarm friends of the treaty, time to carry their issue into the November elections, time to tire out perspiring Senators and induce them to adjourn before reaching a vote on ratification. Every day of delay is to them a day for rejoicing.

➤➤*Producer Carroll*

Has Earl Carroll learned the nature of his unforgivable sin? It is that he gives the public what it wants rather than what it sometimes pretends to want.

Fifty-seven varieties of points might be—and will be—drawn from Mr. Carroll's appearance in a New York court to answer the charge of presenting "an obscene, indecent, immoral and impure" exhibition in his current *Vanities*. The points we choose to draw here are, first, that Mr. Carroll's often gorgeous, if uneven, spectacles are the cause of much transparent hypocrisy, and, secondly, that his abilities are consistently underrated.

The latest edition of the *Vanities* is billed as "meeting America's demand for sophisticated entertainment." That is this producer's customary purpose. He usually achieves it. American audiences like his productions. Like them so much that, given lower transportation costs, a touring *Vanities* company might conceivably run and run until the ladies of the ensemble were grandmothers. Since the *Vanities* is known wherever the theatre is known, no one, leaving a performance, can argue that his confidence in its moral tone was abused. Members of the audience realize beforehand what they are going to see and the box-office proves that they hugely enjoy seeing it. Yet Mr. Carroll is frequently criticized much as if he were flouting dominant and sincere public standards, or as if people were herded into his theatres against their will.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Carroll must gamble sizeable sums on his ability to judge American tastes to a nicety. His willingness to do so helps to make him what he is, a producer to be reckoned with. To his business judgment he adds an extraordinary feeling for form, movement and color. Hence his reviews at their best have sumptuousness and no little artistry. His outstanding faults are, apparently, overlavishness and a frequently defective sense of humor which often accounts for his thudding falls from good taste. Still, the jokes, however dubious, seem to tickle the audiences.

When critics turn up their noses at Mr. Carroll, he can comfort himself with a look into the future. Some day, if he can overcome his weaknesses, he may be generally rated as more than merely an accomplished showman. When Mr. and Mrs. John Smith grow verbally virtuous after attending the *Vanities* and applaud when Mr. Carroll is haled into court, he can comfort himself by looking into the till and counting the dollars they were glad to spend for admission.

➤➤*Crisis*

On Saturday evening, July 12, Amos 'n' Andy, being on their way to Hollywood to make a movie, did not broadcast. Which meant that:

Fifty million people, who, in spite of the previous evening's announcement, wistfully awaited the familiar "Here they are," heard instead a song fest by a one-time associate of Billy Sunday. Ten thousand people, speeding to reach home by seven o'clock, remembered in time and slowed down. One hundred thousand people, speeding to reach home

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BEAUTY AT THE BAR

Producer Earl Carroll and arrested chorus girls making their appearance in court after police raid

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by seven o'clock, failed to remember in time and, reaching home, snapped off the radio in disgust. Forty thousand golfers walked in from greens to club houses and immediately walked back to the greens, swearing softly.

Telephone calls between seven and seven-fifteen increased one thousand per cent. Business in shops open at seven o'clock increased two thousand per cent. Seven o'clock crowds at movie theatres, restaurants, amusement parks, beaches, libraries, building excavations and soft-drink stands increased three thousand per cent and were noticeably free from fidgets. One million children went to bed howling. Six million people mentally drafted letters of protest. Six hundred people wrote letters of protest. Ten million people spitefully refused to brush their teeth.

Seventy thousand people wondered audibly if Amos 'n' Andy were sick. Seventy thousand companions replied "Sho, sho." Eighty thousand people declared themselves "regusted" at having to wait three days to find out whether Amos would lose the seventy-five dollars he invested in Mr. Van Porter's holding company. Eight million people declared that the boys had missed an evening because they couldn't think of what to say next. Fifty-five million people said they never could see how they kept it up night after night as it was, speculated on their salaries and the size of their regular audience and commented, "Ain't that somepin!" One million people said they never were any good anyhow. One hundred and fifty thousand people who had promised to listen just once more and see if they didn't like it smiled contentedly and went on with their dinners. Five hundred odd, misanthropic individuals did not know anything was amiss.

▶▶Claudius Clings On

THE STRANGE CASE of Claudius H. Huston, chairman of the Republican National Committee, violates the best Republican traditions. The best Republican traditions dictate that all throat-slitting be done in secret. Party leaders may razor each other to their hearts' content, but they must stop when an election approaches and they must keep the news of their contests off the front page. Whatever insiders may know to the contrary, outsiders must see that the party is full of harmony.

This year, though there is an election just around the corner, even outsiders must realize that Republican harmony is a myth. There has been no harmony in the party since March, when the Senate lobby committee revealed Mr. Huston's temporary use of funds contributed to the Tennessee River Improvement Association, of which he was president, in his own brokerage account. Promptly the demand arose that Mr. Huston resign as party chairman. Many Republican leaders felt that the Huston revelations gave contributors to campaign funds an excuse for miserliness and greatly embarrassed the party.

Since then the details of the dissension over Mr. Huston have been regularly rehearsed in the newspapers. Mr. Huston was about to resign. He was not about to resign. He would resign if Mr. Hoover asked him to. He would not resign even if Mr. Hoover asked him to. Senator Fess would succeed him. Senator Fess would not.

Finally we were told that Mr. Huston would be asked to quit at the meeting of the National Committee's officers in Washington on July 10. If he was asked to quit, he didn't. He himself says that he did not indicate at that meeting whether he would resign or not. Whatever else he has to say on this subject will, he declares, "be withheld until after the adjournment of the Senate." We gather that Mr. Huston may or may not resign at that time and that the strife in the party over him may or may not come to an end.

Meanwhile he stays on, and meanwhile the conflict he has caused is quite as loud and as open as a quarrel among the Democrats.

▶▶France vs. Italy

FRANCE AND ITALY continue to spar.

A little more than a month ago, Foreign Minister Grandi of Italy proposed that his country and France declare a holiday in naval building until they had settled their differences over disarmament. Last week, Foreign Minister Briand of France issued a quite unsatisfactory reply. During the next six months, he declared, France would lay down no new ships. His statement was widely misinterpreted. What it really amounted to was a pledge that, until December, France would not begin work on new fighting units voted this year, though all ships under construction would be completed according to schedule. M. Briand's proposal, says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, "is perhaps in itself not much, for he himself admitted that it really changes or delays nothing in the construction program."

A little more than two months ago M. Briand forwarded to European nations, including Italy, his plan for a European federation. Last week, Signor Grandi issued a quite unsatisfactory reply. Italy, he intimated, would be delighted to collaborate in the international conference on the federation plan to be held at Geneva in September. Italy merely insisted that the federation include Russia and Turkey, both of which M. Briand had carefully excluded. Italy also suggested that the federation be preceded by a solution of the problem

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REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEEMEN

In session at Washington. Left to right W. R. Wood, J. R. Nutt, J. Matt Chilton, C. H. Huston, George Moses, D. E. Pomeroy, J. F. Burke, Earl S. Kinsley

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of disarmament. These two of the many Italian reservations will suffice to show that Italy would be happy to enter a federation on terms which make her entry extremely difficult.

Italy smells a rat in the federation plan. She believes that France designed it as one of her numerous attempts to preserve the present European order of things, which Italy, on the other hand, is anxious to change to her own benefit. Yet the Briand idea of federation is by no means dead. Possibly Italy will prove more co-operative at the conference in September. Whether she will or not depends largely on the progress made in the Franco-Italian disarmament negotiations, in which each side is now highly suspicious of the other and reluctant to give an inch.

▶▶*Billy's Book*

AT THE AGE of eleven, William J. Marsh, Jr., of New Milford, Connecticut, wrote and, with the help of his brother Charles, partly set up and printed a biography of President Hoover. A piece of work amusing and unusual enough so that an enterprising publisher has taken it over in the hope, possibly, of uncovering another Daisy Ashford. We earnestly recommend Billy Marsh. Read him and laugh. But do not laugh him aside.

Read, for instance, such passages as these:

Boys and girls who go to Christian Associations never get into trouble.

Our country minds its own business, we are not quarrelsome, we don't believe in wars.

God took wine, whiskey, and beer away, because it was ruining our country, our homes, and the children.

Now you know as well as I do, if the people were spending their money for drink, they couldn't own their own homes and an automobile. And anyway people who drink are not fit to hold a responsible position.

And with a man like Mr. Hoover, and a woman like Mrs. Hoover, at the head of our country, we will prosper and have everlasting Peace and Prohibition.

When I grow up I want to be a self-made man.

England wanted him [Hoover] to be a Sir. . . . And he said, I guess not. . . . I will never give up my citizenship, to be none of your Sirs.

I, myself, would rather be an honest working man, than a society bug. To me I think some of them act and talk so foolish.

Mrs. Hoover is an educated woman, and a very refined Christian mother, and of course we all know that is the only kind of woman we want to be the First Lady of the Land.

I suppose you all read in the Herald-Tribune about the big slump in the stock market. I just want to explain to you right now that it was not Mr. Hoover's fault . . . he wants to keep our country in the height of prosperity.

And let me tell you mothers, if you didn't smoke so many cigarettes, it would be more to your credit.

Discount the fact that Billy Marsh, like many another articulate, conventionally reared boy of eleven, is a good deal of a prig. Examine his statements. Are they not strangely familiar? They are, and the book holds dozens of others like them. Where have you heard them before? Exactly where Billy Marsh heard them—over the radio, around the family dinner table, in the living room. "Sometimes," says Billy, "Kids have better ears than you think for."

Acme

BOY BIOGRAPHERS

William J. and Charles Marsh, literateurs of New Milford, Connecticut

Billy's refreshing style may have originated with him; his ideas did not. The book is a dead-earnest summary of all the booming, righteous half-truths, pseudo-truths and untruths that have assailed American ears since the beginning of the last campaign for the presidency. In this there is food for sourly solemn thought.

▶▶*So Big*

WERE NEW YORKERS as prone to ballyhoo population statistics as the people of Chicago and other cities, one might predict a roaring battle for the glory of being the world's largest city in 1940. London is the largest today, although, according to the census of 1930, Greater New York has 6,955,373 inhabitants, having added 1,335,315 in a decade. Greater London—the area governed by the metropolitan bobbies—had 7,793,353 in 1927, and we wouldn't be surprised if she had 7,900,000 by now. Should their rates of increase during the last decade continue through this one, New York would have about 8,600,000, London about 8,400,000, inhabitants in ten years.

This prospect creates little interest in New York and less in London, but it probably troubles Chicago. That city took second national honors from Philadelphia forty years ago, when both advanced into the million class. With 3,373,753 inhabitants, some of them still unwounded, reported in the 1930 census, Chicago has challenged Berlin's claim to the title of third largest city in the world. Berlin has contemptuously kept silent; she counted 3,968,388 inhabitants several years ago.

So it's still London, New York, Berlin and Chicago. In America it's still, as in 1920, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit. Los Angeles, however, has gone from tenth place to fifth. Next in line stand Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore and Boston.

Consider the New York metropolitan district if you want real size. In the Census Bureau's recognized area of 3,767.55 square miles live 11,005,000 people—more than there are in the seven other largest American cities put together; more than there are in Connecticut, Washington, Nebraska, Colorado, Maine, Rhode Island, Utah, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Vermont, Delaware and Nevada put together; more than there are in Berlin, Chicago and Paris put together; more than . . . enough. More than enough to satisfy anybody. Let's not speak of big cities again until 1940.

▶▶*Unrelieved Farmers*

SECRETARY of Agriculture Hyde and Chairman Legge of the Federal Farm

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P & A

TELLING IT TO THE FARMERS
Chairman Legge of Farm Board urging curb in wheat production

Board have been swinging through the Mid-West warning the farmer to reduce his wheat acreage or face disaster. This advice, plus the news from the Chicago market that wheat has reached the lowest price levels in sixteen years, is a tacit confession that thus far the Administration's farm program has been a failure.

A year ago Mr. Legge was confident that orderly marketing of the surplus would prevent depression in prices. Not long ago he defended the radical step of purchasing wheat in the open market with public funds on the ground that it was necessary to "stabilize" the market. Yet the farmer is still unrelieved, though $50,000,000 of the taxpayers' money has been tied up in an unwanted commodity, the value of which slips steadily downward. Now Mr. Legge is warning the farmers to restrict their production to the demands of the American market. "A twenty-five per cent reduction," he says, "will put production on a domestic basis and give you the full benefit of the 42 per cent tariff."

The advice is unquestionably sound. If followed, as the poor consumer must notice, it would mean increased prices for foodstuffs. Yet the farmer has consistently refused to restrict production, either because he is unable or unwilling to diversify his crops, or because he is loath to let high-priced land lie idle. Where co-operative associations can enforce discipline on their members, as in North Dakota and Montana, acreage may be reduced. Elsewhere the farmers are in rebellion. In Kansas, encouraged by Governor Reed, they are characterizing Mr. Legge's admonitions as insults.

Moreover, the Government is now attempting to overcome with mere words the effect on the farmers produced when it bought up some 60,000,000 bushels of wheat. The result of that act was to stimulate over-production. Should the Government follow Senator Capper's advice and buy another hundred million bushels of wheat, over-production would be stimulated still further. Nor can the Government go on purchasing indefinitely. Some day it must sell. Hence it is probably slated to take huge losses.

The Administration might bear this prospect calmly had not farm relief become a lively political issue all over again. It must be painful for it to realize that its bill to help the farmers has now become more of a liability than an asset.

▶▶*Report on Yearning*

ABOUT THIS TIME every year, we examine current song hits, as featured by the national yearners of stage, screen, radio and orchestra, to determine how many of these United States are loved and longed for and to what extent.

We view the result of this year's investigation with misgiving. Here it is:

Locality	*Showing*
North East	Fair
East	Bad
South	Excellent
Far West	Inadequate
Middle West	Poor
North West	Bad
Outside U. S.	Striking

The six northeastern States, we are glad to say, are as well cared for as they ever have been—thanks to "My Old New Hampshire Home," and "Old New England Moon," a favorite of Rudy Vallée, staunchest Connecticut Yankee of them all. Apparently, however, no one is longing for the East. We find no crying for New York or New Jersey, no nostalgia for Delaware or the District of Columbia. The South, as usual, beckons violently to its wandering sons, not only with the usual songs about Dixie, but with "Back to Georgia Blues," "Crying for the Carolines," "Hills of Tennessee," "In the Valley of Kentucky," "Under a Texas Moon," "Lazy Lou'siana Moon," and one which we mention only after much hesitation, "Corn Licker Still in Georgia."

From here on, the report is discouraging. For the entire Middle West we find but one authentic pang of homesickness, "Ohio River Blues," and two border-line pangs, "Red Hot Chicago" and "Kitty from Kansas City." "Ozark Trail" must do for the Southwest and "Hollywood" and "On the Road to California" for the Far West, though "Oh, For the Wild and Woolly West" may, indeed, cover both sections as well as the great Northwest, which otherwise is not yearned for at all.

On the other hand, there is a lamentable tendency on the part of our national singers to express love and loneliness for places entirely outside the United States. Is it a passing whim which makes them disregard South Dakota in favor of "Santiago," Pennsylvania in favor of "Suez"? That makes them openly wish to be in the localities indicated by "Caribbean Moon," "South Sea Rose" and "My Hawaiian Isles"? Is it a passing whim or is it a deliberate unpatriotic slap at America?

▶▶*Lord Irwin's Address*

THE ADDRESS BY Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, before the national Legislative Assembly at Simla has been anxiously

Keystone

IRWIN OF INDIA
Delivers important address before national Legislative Assembly at Simla

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awaited. Would Britain stand stiffly on the Simon report? If she did, the October conference at London to prepare a plan for India's future would be a tedious waste of time. Small use to hold a conference to discuss the timorous recommendations of the Simon commission, which, appointed two years ago to "extend, modify or restrict" self-government in India, had ended, to the anger of Indian moderates and extremists alike, by advocating that it be merely modified.

Lord Irwin's speech met the central issue squarely. Inevitably it denounced the Gandhi civil disobedience campaign. Inevitably it praised, though it faintly praised, the Simon report. No impartial person, it declared, "whatever may be his opinion on the actual recommendations made, will deny that the commission has made a weighty and constructive contribution to a most difficult problem." But the important points in the address are, first, its restatement of the Viceroy's promise that India eventually will be given the status of a dominion; secondly, its pledge that the October conference will not be limited to consideration of the Simon report, and, thirdly, its statement that the conclusions of the conference will be sent to Parliament to be enacted into law.

The conference, said Lord Irwin, will be free to approach its task "greatly assisted indeed, but with its liberty unimpaired, by the report of the Statutory [Simon] Commission or by any other documents." The British government thinks of the conference, "not as a mere meeting for discussion or debate, but as a joint assembly of representatives of both countries on whose agreement precise proposals to Parliament may be founded." It is on this basis that it asks Indians of all schools of thought, and particularly the Nationalists, to participate.

This represents a more liberal attitude toward India than Britain has hitherto shown. Apparently Britain is willing to do much to meet the Nationalist demand that she take definite, immediate steps toward fulfilling her promise of eventual dominion status for India. Whether she will go far enough to satisfy the Nationalists remains to be seen. At least there is now reason to hope for a compromise that will end the violence-breeding non-violent campaign and restore orderly government in India. There would have been no such reason had Britain refused to budge from the Simon report.

▶▶Connecticut Rebel

CONNECTICUT is little given to political rebellion. Consequently J. Henry Roraback, Republican boss of the State, and his following are more annoyed than appalled by Professor Albert Levitt's widely-noted campaign for the Republican nomination for Governor.

Professor Levitt's activities indicate what one determined man can do in public life. They also indicate what he can't do. The Professor is directly responsible for the ruling by the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors that the Attorney General take legal steps to remove the members of the Public Utilities Commission for neglect of duty. Under Connecticut law, the railroads—specifically the New Haven Railroad—must remove one grade crossing a year for every fifty miles of track, provided that, in the opinion of the commission, their financial condition warrants. Noting that no crossings have been removed for five years, Professor Levitt got up a petition. Small, spectacled, fervent, he carried his case into court, argued it himself and won a verdict just sustained by the Supreme Court of Errors.

Last fall Professor Levitt organized the Republican League of Connecticut to oust Mr. Roraback and redeem the party. No revolution occurred in the November elections in the towns—Professor Levitt got two votes for selectman of Redding—but he campaigned doggedly up and down the state, denouncing the politicians, the public utilities and the wets.

Aspiring to play Gifford Pinchot's rôle in Connecticut, Professor Levitt labors under heavy handicaps. There no primary election encourages the free-lance politician. Instead, he must submit his case to the voters at caucuses in the towns, at precinct meetings in the cities, at conventions in the senatorial districts, all of them controlled by party workers from wayback. Still, the task might be accomplished were the voters genuinely interested. Apparently they are not. Professor Levitt's charges, many of them plausible, arouse relatively little response. No crusading spirit can prevail against the state's contentment with Rorabackism and Republican regularity.

Remarkable Remarks

Most people have failed because they did not really try.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

When ex-Presidents of the nation become columnists, it elevates the whole profession.—C. E. CRANE.

Coolidge going to work shows that the unemployment situation is picking up.—WILL ROGERS.

We who have battled beside the President may with special gratification point to a record of solid achievement, destined permanently to advance the national well-being.—SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON.

I did not indicate whether or not I would resign.—CLAUDIUS H. HUSTON.

It seems that my career is just one thing like this after another.—EARL CARROLL.

After six weeks in a strange land a fried pork chop becomes a topic for a heavenly poem.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

I never smoked and never drank until I was twelve years old.—DE WOLF HOPPER.

Whiskers are nests for germs, traps for crumbs, needed only by those that lack character. In the case of doctors they should be made illegal. Scarlet fever and other germs cling doggedly to whiskers.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

One oyster or one half a salted peanut provides the calories necessary for one hour of mental effort.—DR. FRANCIS G. BENEDICT.

▶▶In Brief

AS WE UNDERSTAND IT, our prohibition friends are perfectly certain that if Dwight W. Morrow is nominated for president he will be overwhelmingly defeated, and therefore they do not wish to see him nominated. . . . Elihu Root advocates the organization of a Red-hunting Federal police force, lest the Communists destroy our system of government. It will be recalled that, before this plan was suggested, the Communists destroyed our system of government almost annually. . . . "The trouble with this country is that it's getting too darned socialistic," declared the Mid-West Congressman, ending the speech in which he demanded that the Government subsidize the farmers by buying up 500,000,000 bushels of wheat. . . . Progress made during the recent session of Congress, says Senator Watson, compares favorably with "the progress made in any period of similar length in the entire history of our country." Coming from Senator Watson, this is a

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virtual admission that during the recent session of Congress no progress was made at all. . . . Why does that stern Episcopal publication, the *Churchman,* refer to Mr. Coolidge's newspaper writings as "mush"? Hasn't Mr. Coolidge pointed out that "For 154 years July 4 has been called Independence Day," that "People are out of work because the things they could produce are not being bought," and that "We all live in the same world"? Does the *Churchman* imply that these incontestable statements are false?

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE WOULD NOT be surprised if President Hoover's disinclination to dismiss Claudius H. Huston as Republican National Chairman were traceable to a scene in the Gridiron Club's spring show, which was attended both by Mr. Hoover and his old friend from Tennessee. It was entitled "Yesterday's Ghosts," and the journalistic jesters made much mirth of the manner in which so many of the Chief Executive's earlier companions had passed into the land of political nowhere. Among those whose departure was deplored in song and satire were such figures as William J. Donovan, Dr. Hubert Work, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Colonel Horace Mann, William Edgar Borah and Smith Wildman Brookhart. Clad in ghostly raiment these ex-satellites appeared upon a dimmed stage, and in lugubrious tones beckoned Mr. Huston to join them as the next figure to fall from grace. We doubt if either of the principals derived much pleasure from this bit of burlesque, since it satirized the sudden severance of so many beautiful but blasted friendships.

Nevertheless, nobody can understand the conduct of the President or the party in this matter. Mr. Huston, we find, is in a way to win sympathy for his coolness and courage in defying all hints that he unhorse himself. Whereas there was almost unified demand for his scalp on Capitol Hill some weeks ago, we now discern a slight reaction in his favor. There are those who argue that the G.O.P. will seek far before it comes upon a man of his fighting qualities, and that it most assuredly will make no improvement if it promotes the pious Simeon D. Fess, whose abject adoration of each Republican President offends even Republican stalwarts. Indeed the man whom almost all except Mr. Hoover would like to entrust with the party fortunes is the individual who has been most staunch and sarcastic in his support of the chairman. He is Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire, whose hard, practical nature leads him to maintain that the ousting of the chairman at this time would be tantamount to truckling to the discredited Senate Lobby Committee.

Mr. Huston, however, is now no more than a symbol of Republican dissension and indecision. We do not remember when the G.O.P. displayed such ineptitude in managing its own household, and we find that it is being held up to ridicule for its failure either to dismiss or defend its chairman. Such conduct on the part of the fighting Democrats would be quite understandable, but discipline, even though wrongfully applied, has ever been a Republican virtue. Yet we hear that nobody in or out of authority has summoned sufficient courage to confront Mr. Huston with an unequivocal demand that he quit. Mr. Hoover, we are told, failed to pop the question when the two conferred in the White House study on the eve of the convocation of party elders, and their meeting might have been no more than a reunion of parted pals to discuss happy days of the long ago. Several presidential spokesmen, including James Francis Burke, the Honorable Will Wood and National Committeeman Earle Kinsley of Vermont, emerged from White House conferences to predict that Mr. Huston would deem it time to retire, but none dared voice these sentiments in the presence of the poker-faced chairman a few hours later. Incidentally, we find that numerous observers saw some irony in Mr. Burke's holier-than-thou attitude, since we recall that the genial boulevardier from Pittsburgh was accused by Mrs. Willebrandt of instigating her religious attacks upon Alfred E. Smith.

Kirby in N. Y. World

How he loves that chair!

It was, we hear, Mr. Huston himself who raised the question of his status, only to find that party and presidential couriers had suddenly developed a case of nerves. An expert gamester, Mr. Huston simply called the boys' bluff with a political hand which, intrinsically, did not entitle him to a seat in the game. He may, as he indicated, step out when the special session of the Senate adjourns, and Democrats like Messrs. Glass, Caraway and Harrison will be deprived of the Senate Chamber as a forum for partisan philippics, but we understand there is yet no assurance of such a finale to the comedy of errors.

We do not mean to suggest that Mr. Hoover is blameworthy for his failure to manage things better. To our mind, it requires almost superhuman disregard of the delicacies to admit such a mistake in judgment as he seems to have committed with respect to his old chum. Moreover, we recall that such trusted advisers as J. Henry Roraback, Connecticut National Committeeman, and Mark Requa, his California friend urged him not to name the Tennesseean as chairman in the first place. For Mr. Hoover to fire Mr. Huston now would be to admit that they were right and he was wrong in a major matter of policy and personality combined. It is too great a sacrifice to ask, especially when it seems that indirect means will suffice to relieve all concerned of the charge of ingratitude and indiscretion. Even a President, as Woodrow Wilson discovered to his sorrow, cannot afford to raise up too many "ghosts."

A. F. C.

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Tom Mooney

Fourteen years ago next week, Hughes and Wilson were preparing to contest for the Presidency. The American Legion was unborn. The streets of Washington were unaware of Food Administrations, War buildings or Wardman Park hotels. Men now married were boys struggling with first year Latin in pleasant preparatory schools. The front pages of the morning papers were filled with the names of Von Mackensen, Ludendorff, French, Clemenceau, Grand Duke Nicholas. Wilhelm Hohenzollern ruled in Potsdam. The Czar in St. Petersburg. Europe swirled with war. In busy San Francisco, a man named Tom Mooney climbed with his wife to the roof of the building which housed her music studio, to watch a Preparedness Day parade. It was two in the afternoon of a sunny, July day. A mile and a half away, a dynamite time-bomb exploded in the watching crowd upon the street curb. It was an act for which no plausible motive has ever been suggested. It seems like the work of a lunatic. But it did for Tom Mooney. Arrested at the instance of his enemies, convicted by perjury and fraud, he was sent to San Quentin prison to be hanged. His sentence commuted to life imprisonment, he has been in prison ever since.

DO NOT be sentimental about it. Mooney was no plaster saint. Plaster saints do not have their lives sworn away by their enemies. Mooney was and is a virile human being, a dynamic man capable of making enemies. A man of the docks and water-front, of the car-barns, touched with the half-forgotten tradition of the rough and ready mining camps just over the horizon in the West. A labor agitator, with power over other men's minds. He made his living in the midst of the dog-eat-dog struggle of union labor against entrenched money in pre-war, post-earthquake San Francisco. He was capable of organizing street railway platform men. He was used to open-shop feuds where dynamite was handled carelessly and dishonest political machines manipulated the law. He was a man of fists as well as of brains. But he was not intended for the subtle, invisible struggles of court rooms, of public utilities' private detectives, of heavily financed publicity bureaus. He was not made to battle the egotisms and fears of lawyers and politicians administering laws and governorships. A strong, dangerous man, he was trapped by trickery and put where he could do his enemies no further harm.

HIS DRAMA has been a fascinating one for newspaper men and for all the vast public who read the newspapers. His life sworn away by a tramp waiter who was a drug addict, and, finally, by a surprise witness, a cattle man, afterward found to be ninety miles distant at the moment of the explosion. An unprincipled man opposing him in the District Attorney's chair, his shadow hiding the Pinkerton detective who was framing Mooney at the instance of Mooney's enemies. Then the perjured testimony, the purchase of intimidated witnesses, the hysterical public. And behind each act of the drama the rising tide of war, of schrecklichkeit, of fear, wrapping a strangling cloak of death around the man who had created none of these things and yet seemed likely to suffer from them all. Even the great third act was there. The discovery of the fraud, the confessions, the judge who had sentenced the prisoner to death now stepping forth to proclaim his innocence; the wretched, confused attempts to still the whirlwind, the protests of local liberals, of labor, of ministers and editors, and of the very jurors themselves. Finally the Commission from the President of the United States. The public declaration of the man's innocence and still the tightly tied net of criminal procedure across state law, over political pressure, across public prejudice, holding the man in jail while political governors succeeded each other like identical waves in the ocean. Yes, a great drama.

BUT PRISON for Mooney just the same. And what does life imprisonment mean? It means, says Shaw's Joan of Arc:

"Never to see the trees again, to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness and keep me from everything that brings me back to the love of God, when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him; all this is worse than the furnace in the Bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my war horse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the lark in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost and the blessed, blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live."

FOR FOURTEEN years Mooney has been in San Quentin prison. For the rest of us the years have been years of sunshine, of blue sparkling water, of changing seasons, of sharp snowy nights and hazy autumn days. Years of excitement, full of stirring events, of love and children, and the eternal pulse of men and women. But for Mooney they have been fourteen years in prison. Have Americans lost the ability to feel, to be stirred by the tragedy of a fellowman? The very judge who presided over the trial declares Mooney innocent. So do nine of the ten living jurymen. So, in effect, did the Wilson Commission in its recommendations to Governor Stephens that a new trial be granted. That commission reported that "the utilities against which Mooney directed his agitation, or who suspected him of mischievous activities, undoubtedly sought to get him," and that "when Oxman [the cattle man] was discredited, the verdict against Mooney was discredited." Says Judge Griffin, the trial judge, "Oxman was by far the most important of the witnesses. The testimony of Oxman was the turning point in the case." And Oxman, as well as every other important witness, stands now completely discredited.

MOONEY has petitioned three successive Governors in vain. How long do Americans propose to let this go on?

The Editors

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The Tourist's Dollar

By FRANK SCHOONMAKER

THE advertising campaigns are over now. Six months of hyperbole, six months of alluring posters—all the fanfare of a new travel season: it is all over. The American tourist is on his way.

And Europe sits back, a little nervously, to await the verdict. The curtain has gone down on the first act; it is too late for any changes in the script. Six months of preparation, six months of advertising: a question mark. The answer to that question matters more to Europe than most of us realize.

In order to understand this, and interpret correctly the efforts that the various European countries are making to attract the American tourist, it is necessary to remember that the United States has spent in the last ten years approximately six billion dollars on foreign travel. A few additional figures may help us to grasp the significance of this.

For 1928 the favorable trade balance of the United States amounted to $1,037,690,000: during the following year over three-quarters of this colossal surplus was spent in foreign countries by American tourists. Our travelers left last year in France about one thousand francs for every man, woman and child in the country—in other words, a sum considerably larger than the total value of all our imports from France. They spent, in Germany, Italy and the United Kingdom, respectively, sums larger than the value of any single product which we import from these countries. It is the tourist's gold, to a far greater extent than we realize, that enables our best customers, year after year, to buy from us considerably more than they sell us. Should the American traveler decide to stay at home for twelve consecutive months, his failure to go abroad would do more to injure our foreign trade than could, under any circumstances, the Hawley-Smoot tariff.

In view of these figures it is scarcely surprising that the European should take an extraordinary interest in the characteristics and habits of the American tourist, that, using the American's own weapon—advertising, he should attempt to influence and encourage the migrations of *touristus Americanus*, and of that even more incorrigible wanderer, *tourista Americana*. It is surprising only that we, the greatest advertisers and the greatest high-pressure salesmen in the world, should resent this.

Fine Prints of the Year, 1929, Minton, Balch

DECLARATIONS
Dry-point by S. Van Abbé, A.R.E.

But resent it we do. Curiously, irrationally—but resent it nevertheless. It is by analogy that we may best discover the absurdity of our position in this matter. Let us imagine, for example, the actions of an American motor car manufacturer who suddenly ascertained that the inhabitants of the Antarctic continent were about to spend eight hundred million dollars a year on automobiles. We know in this case perfectly well what he would do. He would take a number of full-page advertisements in the South Pole Gazette. He would organize publicity bureaus. He would engage, at a fabulous sum per week, the most capable commercial artists of the Bay of Whales. He would ask Commander Byrd for a testimonial. He would line the non-existent roads of Antarctica with sign-boards and gas stations. He would organize the Little America Finance Corporation — the Tundra straight eight in ten easy payments. He would sell thousands of cars, adding immensely thereby to American prosperity. We would think him a fool if he did otherwise.

Meanwhile we resent the efforts of foreign countries to do precisely this thing, on a smaller scale, with travel. For, curiously enough, our enjoyment of a trip, unlike our enjoyment of an automobile, is quite spoiled as soon as we feel that it has been "sold" to us. We object, for two rather strange reasons, to the natural and perfectly legitimate attempts of Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, England, et al., to sell us their "charm" at a fixed rate per diem. These two reasons are as follows:

First, although nearly three hundred thousand of us now cross the Atlantic every year, we Americans are still disinclined to look at travel from any viewpoint other than an incurably romantic one. Travel, for us, is the Royal Road to all Glorious Adventures, the ever-glamorous highway that leads us out of ourselves toward the fountain that Ponce de Leon sought in vain; it is any number of things equally extraordinary and no less improbable. Obviously, since we enjoy travel greatly, this romantic viewpoint is not a foolish one; on the other hand we can scarcely expect the chef of a French *wagon-restaurant*, who earns his fifty francs a day by cooking for us, to look at the matter as we do.

Second, although we have proved ourselves in modern business among the most practical of the world's races, we

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nevertheless cherish that conceit so common among the rich: we wish to be loved for ourselves, rather than for the travelers' cheques we carry. We like to believe (and therefore do believe) that the annual welcome we receive in Europe, and Europe's most solicitous interest in our welfare, is due entirely to our unusual personal charm; we like to think (and therefore do think) that the four hundred million dollars which we carry across the Atlantic on our seasonal *Volkerwanderung* is a matter of comparative indifference to the European: it finds its way, more or less by chance, into his pockets: he would be just as glad to see us if we brought nothing. Any hint to the contrary, any tendency on the part of the European to take a purely mercenary interest in our travels, we resent exceedingly. In the grieved voice of a disillusioned child that asks "Then there isn't any Santa Claus?" we say "They seem to want our money!" Of course they want our money—who doesn't? Nevertheless they give, in the long run, more than adequate value for every tourist's dollar that they receive. Can we, in all fairness, ask for more?

Naturally, in its advertising, Europe finds it necessary to cater to these romantic notions of ours. A little suavity and a little tact are worth, in this business, all the dynamic salesmanship in the world. The competition is keen; a single serious blunder is likely to mean, to the national exchequer of a European country, a clear loss of three or four million dollars.

SUCH BLUNDERS have not been infrequent in the last five years. Germany alone of all the larger countries has made no important mistake. Great Britain has steadfastly refused to reduce her visa fee—she now gets only one-fourth as much of the American tourist's money as does France. Italian hotel taxes were raised to an unprecedented level in 1925—a year later it was found advisable to abolish them altogether. France, some time ago, lifted the price of the *Carte d'Identité* to 375 francs—the American tourist started to go elsewhere: the price came down. These blunders, curiously enough, were all alike, all due to the European's failure to understand the psychology of the American traveler. The tourist did not mind paying ten dollars for a British visa, he did not mind paying hotel taxes in Italy or being charged for a *Carte d'Identité* in France. It was the idea—"here is a country that wants my money!"—That's what irritated him.

Briefly, the efforts which foreign countries now make to attract the American tourist may be divided into two categories. There is the method direct—advertising and publicity; and the method indirect—making things as easy and pleasant as possible for the traveler from overseas. Let us examine the why and how of these.

The first, the direct method, is unquestionably the more positive and unquestionably the less important. To use only the second is to play a defensive game, non-spectacular but sound, a game which depends for its effectiveness on other people's errors and which, since few of us are infallible, is likely in the long run to win. Yet only through the first method can one hope to recoup one's own blunders and register any definite gain over an equally sagacious competitor. For this reason a combination of the two, such as most European countries are now beginning to use, seems, looked at from their standpoint, the wisest.

With the first method we are all of us familiar. Advertisements in the newspapers and in the magazines; articles, by subsidized authors, in both. "Come to Beautiful Blank—Land of History and Romance . . . green mountains and a sapphire sea . . . visit the glamorous shores of What-you-will"—and so on. Obvious hyperbole, but very effective. To laugh at it is to laugh at the whole principle of advertising.

Occasionally such travel advertisements rise to real heights. "France," said one of them, "is like falling in love . . . you're never really grown up until you've done it." Assuredly this is bunkum. A whole new school of writers (one might call them the Glamorists) are busy turning out such stuff in an effort to increase (and in some cases satisfy vicariously) America's already enormous appetite for romance.

The results of the second, indirect method, in the last five years, have been very gratifying, both to us and to the Europeans. The various governments, chambers of commerce and hotel keepers' associations concerned, have indeed made travel abroad far pleasanter and far less difficult. A few of the more notable achievements in this field are:

First, a general reduction of visa fees; Britain is now the only important country in Western Europe that charges more than two dollars.

Second, the publication of official hotel price lists for France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Austria, etc. Equipped with these, no tourist need pay more for a room or a meal than he can afford.

Third, the passage, in several countries, of laws that make it impossible for an unscrupulous hotel keeper to overcharge the foreigner. The Italian hotel owner is required to post, in every room, the all-inclusive price of that room; the service percentage is also fixed by law in Italy.

Fourth, the setting-up of tourist information offices in most of the larger cities of Western Europe. A good many of these have English-speaking clerks; all of them distribute booklets, maps, and other things that smooth the traveler's way.

Fifth, the initiation, on the railways of France, Italy and Spain, of special tourist rates. These, in some cases, enable the American traveler to save between twenty-five and thirty per cent on his railway fares.

Briefly, these accomplishments may be summarized in two words—organization (which enables the tourist to get what he wants, easily and quickly); regulation (which prevents the killing, by foolhardy individuals, of that dearly-bought golden goose—the traveler's good-will).

IT IS of course not the wealthy American, who can pay for interpreters and couriers and guides, but the traveler of moderate means that gets the greatest good out of all this. Here, once again, Europe has shown its wisdom. For, more and more, the traveler of moderate means is coming to hold the purse strings of the Atlantic. Tourist third has grown from the smallest class, in 1925, to the largest, with the exception of steerage, in 1929. About sixty per cent of the trans-Atlantic liners now carry no first class passengers at all.

So, gradually, the character of the American tourist changes. The trend in general is away from luxury, toward inexpensive comfort. Today it is the middle class that travels. Now that so many of us are going abroad it seems probable that, some time in the next ten years, a new type of tourist will emerge—no less romantic, perhaps, but more intelligently romantic, able to understand the European's point of view, and realize that the exchange—our money for the many things which Europe has to offer—is inevitable and is, after all, a fair bargain.

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"Buy, Buy, Buy!"

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

ONE of the very best European students of the United States is shaking his head dubiously about us. Professor André Siegfried, of Paris, who has paid various visits to our shores and observed our ways with an extraordinary blend of fairness and understanding, is afraid that the future holds perils for us, unless we change our course. Already well and favorably known as the author of one of the best books on the United States that has appeared since the World War, Professor Siegfried has now contributed an article to the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire* here, in which he contends that the United States is producing too much and selling too little.

The Americans, he says, are suffering from plethora. Having pushed mass production to its uttermost limits and made themselves thereby the wonder and envy of many denizens of other lands, they are finding increasing difficulty in marketing the wares which they are pouring out in such enormous quantities. Professor Siegfried is inclined to the belief that, if we continue to produce at the present pace, without selling at an accelerated pace, the time is bound to come when we shall no longer be the wonder and envy of those countries whom we had left behind, supposedly, in the industrial race. All of which the French savant expresses in the suavest and urbanest language—which renders his words all the more effective.

IT IS NOT ALL our fault, though. Our country is "caught in a movement of which it is not the master, of which it controls neither the rhythm nor the speed." Driving forward ceaselessly toward mass-production, subordinating everything to its attainment, we have reached a point—declares the French Professor—to which, it would seem, the purchasing power of our people is incapable of climbing. As a result, the endeavor of American manufacturers to market their wares is becoming a veritable madness—manufacturers of one kind of goods ruthlessly reach out for the customers of manufacturers in entirely different lines, spend huge sums of money in trying to take the bread out of the mouths of these others. As an example of this cut-throat warfare, the Frenchman cites how American cigarette-makers do their utmost to persuade Americans with a sweet tooth to smoke cigarettes instead of eating candy. So furious is the pace, so murderous the competition, Professor Siegfried points out, that it thus becomes a question not only of seeking new markets but of making inroads into the territory of manufacturers who, in days of less savage competition, were never looked upon as competitors.

"The whole American system," says the Frenchman, "is based upon the payment of large salaries which, when they have been paid to you, you are urged to spend. You get your salary only to have it taken away from you. If you show unwillingness to pay it out again in the form of increased consumption, you are accused of not playing the game, of being a bad citizen in a country where spending money to the utmost possible limit is one of the basic elements upon which prosperity rests, and one of the duties of a consumer. . . . In order that the régime of production shall maintain its equilibrium it becomes necessary that the system of purchase and sale be constantly speeded up. The economic régime of America has been compared (by no means unjustly) to the equilibrium of a bicycle, which tumbles over as soon as it stops, whose stability is greater in proportion to the speed at which it moves."

As Professor Siegfried sees it, a considerable proportion of Americans are living beyond their means. Owing to the intensive propaganda of those responsible for our mass-production, many Americans have been made to buy not only everything they need but many things they do not. This was all very well up to 1925, our French critic tells us; since, in the first post-war period, despite the comparative luxury in which most Americans lived, compared to inhabitants of other countries, the American standard of living might be said to be normal.

During the last four or five years, however, Professor Siegfried thinks that the United States may truthfully be said to have passed from a normal to an extravagant standard of living. In justification of this view he cites the fact that, although our country has less than 6 per cent of the entire area of the world and just about 6 per cent of the world's total population, it consumes 76 per cent of all the refined petroleum produced, 70 per cent of all the rubber, about 75 per cent of all the silk. And, once having launched himself on the sea of statistics, the Frenchman cannot refrain from pointing out that, thanks to the whirlwind campaign of our manufacturers, there were, in 1928, in the homes of the United States, 18,000,000 bathtubs, 15,000,000 electric irons, 7,000,000 vacuum cleaners, 5,000,000 washing machines, 5,000,000 electric ventilators, 4,500,000 electric toasters, 750,000 frigidaires — not forgetting more than 24,500,000 automobiles, or nearly one for every four Americans!

How far can this sort of thing go? Our manufacturers still pour out battalions of frigidaires, regiments of vacuum cleaners, armies of automobiles. But—who is going to buy them all? Will not a time come—not in the very far future, at that—when America will have reached saturation point? Will not a day dawn when the only reason for buying another car will be because baby won't be happy till he gets it, when dust will have to be carted into the drawing room from the street outside in order to appease the insatiable appetite of the squad of new vacuum cleaners forced upon the family by the latest advertising campaign?

Will the American purchaser ever go to such lengths? Will purchasers in other lands—assuming they are exposed to the same barrage of advertising as we in America endure—ever part with their dollars promptly and generously enough to satisfy the Czars of American mass-production. Many people, both in America and elsewhere, answer in the affirmative. Mass-production, they insist, is in tune with the spirit of our age, and the nation excelling in it will reap the golden rewards reserved for those abreast of the times.

BUT PROFESSOR André Siegfried of Paris is not one of these optimists. Is America on the right road? As he asks himself that question, one can see him, in imagination, wearing a puzzled expression, and dubiously shaking his learned head.

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▶▶ Returning Sanity ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

IS THERE ever any good in business depressions? There are some people who would regard any one asking this question as a fit subject for the attention of an alienist. To them depression can never be anything but an unmitigated evil. These folk are in no wise responsible for the conditions out of which depressions arise, but when the trouble comes they must bear the brunt of it. Compelled to play the rôle of innocent bystander, they often encounter the ill-luck which comes to that unfortunate individual.

In this group we find the small business man, the industrial employee and the white-collar worker. They do nothing to set in motion the forces which lead to over-expansion and inflation. The small business man merely follows the big leaders; the wage-earners only obey orders. Yet, when a reaction comes they are usually among the first to feel the effects. We may contrast their case with that of a large-scale organization—say a department store. The big store can do much to maintain volume and turnover by staging special sales; and it can economize in numerous ways. The small retailer can do little along this line; he must take whatever punishment is coming to him, and take it standing up if he can. The wage-earner who has been laid off or put on part-time may be in even worse plight.

Without underrating the suffering which inevitably falls upon large numbers of people whenever there is a substantial recession in business activity, it must be admitted that these reactions do not represent a total loss, any more than business booms represent a total gain. Those who can see no good whatever in a depression will also admit the evils incident to booms and inflation. When it becomes very easy to make money management tends to grow lax, and when the demand for workers is greater than the supply labor tends to lose some of its efficiency. In such times there will be waste, excessive speculation, abuse of credit and emphasis on gains by the enhancement of prices rather than by the production of goods and services.

SUCH A SITUATION is not healthy. It carries the germ of its own destruction. It is the real cause of the slump in trade and industry which invariably comes in its wake. Many will recall that back in 1919 the country was seized with a veritable buying mania. Perhaps this was a reaction from the frugality which was virtually enforced by public sentiment and government fiat during the War. At any rate, it started a great boom, with price inflation and all the other conventional trimmings.

The salesman in those days was in danger of losing his skill; he became merely an order-taker. But in spite of the great wave of buying at this time, a well-known department store later discovered that its average sales per employee were then only half what they were in 1924, which was a rather unsatisfactory year for business. In the days of frenzied buying and rocketing prices there was so much "soldiering" by employees that it took two of them to make a sale where in a time of slackened trade it required only one.

What was the reason? In 1919 both labor and management were inefficient. Business and industrial establishments were overmanned. There was waste and indifference, but profits—at least on paper—were rising sufficiently through price inflation to offset any losses from incompetence. The depression of 1920-21 soon changed all this. Waste was eliminated; employees were required to give the best that was in them; methods of production and distribution were modernized; credit policies were revised and morale improved.

Such a period of readjustment, instead of being regarded as a time of backsets and losses, should more properly be regarded as a time of returning sanity. Of course, there were troubles from unemployment, shrinkage of inventory values and the appreciation of the debtor's dollar; but these were due to previous extravagances. It is deplorable, too, that so much of the loss had to be borne by those who had no part in bringing about the abnormal situation of which they became the victims.

Yet the fact remains that great business progress has followed this and other periods of depression as the night follows the day. The crisis of 1893, for example, led to badly needed reforms in the monetary system of the United States which had their culmination in the Gold Standard Act of 1900. The crisis of 1907 stimulated a nation-wide campaign for banking reform, and this finally attained its fruition in the establishment of the Federal Reserve system.

Who shall say, then, that something of lasting benefit may not come also out of the depression of 1929-30? Although the repeated recurrence of business depressions may make it seem that we never learn the lessons they teach, the fact is that we do profit from such experiences. And one of the lessons to be derived from previous periods of business reaction is that the proper time to hang out the crepe is not when the country is suffering from the pains of deflation, but when it is reveling in prosperity of the wrong sort.

The writer of these lines once interviewed a prominent industrialist who enjoyed a peculiar reputation in business circles for his ability to judge the market correctly when buying his raw materials, thus getting his supplies when prices were "dragging bottom." It was even reported that a few manufacturers in certain allied lines kept watch on his warehouses and storage yards for signs that he was buying or awaiting a still better market. At this interview the writer, as diplomatically as he knew how, brought up the subject of the manufacturer's reputation as a shrewd buyer and then made bold to ask if he had any special rule or principle to guide him. "Yes," was the reply. "I make it a rule never to run with the crowd—to be bearish when they are most bullish and bullish when they are most bearish. If I can avoid it, I never buy when everybody else is in the market for the same goods."

This case is not unique. There are alert business men everywhere who are now awaiting indications that the bottom of the trough of depression has been reached. They will not be disposed to buy while prices are declining. Buyers hold off at such a time in the hope of obtaining still better bargains, but they will change their tactics if the next movement appears to be upward. When they are convinced that the business index has made its low point they are going to place orders for goods and launch projects for expansion and for new enterprises. Once the corrective processes made necessary by last year's excesses have run their course, the improvement should be speedy and substantial. Business depressions, after all, are not an unmixed evil.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Chains and Independents

THE Louisville Survey, conducted by the Department of Commerce, has given a black eye to the widely accepted theory that most of the failures among independent retail grocers during recent years have been brought about by chain store competition. The real cause of most of the insolvencies has been incompetence and a lack of knowledge of even the rudiments of successful merchandising.

Many of the limping retailers would have failed even if the chains had never shown their heads in the neighborhood. Every business day adds to the list of wrecks experienced by would-be merchants who have gone into business with shoe-string capital and little or no familiarity with the problems of store location, purchasing, arrangement and display of goods, advertising, sales methods, accounting and collections. These unfortunates apparently agree with Sambo, who bought a broken-down mule for two dollars and immediately resold it for a dollar, that it's "wuth a lot to be in bizness."

Careless handling of credits on the part of certain wholesalers has contributed to the high mortality rate, as the retailers have followed the same policy of laxity in credit dealings with their customers. On this point, however, there is encouragement in the present situation at Louisville, where, after a definite period of grace has been extended on a retailer's account, he is placed on a C.O.D. basis by all wholesalers until he has rehabilitated himself and won back his credit standing. If some method could be discovered of keeping these lame ducks from going into business in the first place, the wholesalers' bad debt losses could be substantially reduced.

The Great Auto Mystery

THERE ARE PLENTY of reasons why it takes something decidedly out of the ordinary in motor manufacture to get the Automobile City excited. That something, however, has developed in the form of a ghostly, ground-hugging eight which flashes in and out of the Detroit boulevards late at night or in the early morning hours but never shows itself in the daytime.

The phantom car moves so fast that thus far nobody has had a really good look at it, and herds of camera men have stalked it in vain. About all that is known is that the new model is built on unusually low lines and that it has some eerie quality which enables it to dissolve quickly into the distance much as the Chrysler spire in New York melts into the mist on a cloudy day.

Out of all the weird stories that are floating around Motorville, one may pick as the most reasonable the tale that some manufacturer is grooming a new eight, and the shadow car is his experimental model. It's barely possible that all this mystery is really the background of a shrewd advertising scheme. Nevertheless there are a great many mortals, in and out of Detroit, who would give something handsome to know what the car is like and who the driver is. Judging by the speed reported, the Jehu must be as progressive as the chariot. What a lark if it should turn out to be Uncle Henry!

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) July 12—84.5. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) July 12—79.9.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended June 28—936,848 cars (increase of 15,989 over preceding week; reduction of 158,876 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended July 5—48% of capacity (reduction of 16% under preceding week and of 30.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended July 5—daily average gross 2,581,500 barrels (reduction of 29,450 under preceding week and of 275,900 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended July 5—1,663,000 bushels (reduction of 408,000 under preceding week and of 165,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended July 10—$8,797,564,000 (reduction of 34.8% under preceding week and of 37.5% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended July 10—428 (reduction of 7 under five-day period ending July 2 and of 12 under same week of 1929).

Electrical Senses

SKEPTICS WHO insist that the age of miracles is past, if there ever was one, should be sentenced to a course of reading in current trade papers and technical journals. Compel them to get acquainted, for example, with the electric eye, which sees more quickly and accurately than the human orb, and the electric ear, which hears clearly and uniformly whether it is called upon regularly or irregularly, frequently or infrequently.

These new electrical tools are going to have a tremendous effect on industry, and very soon. Take the problem of inspection of manufactured products, for the weeding out of defective or incomplete units. Heretofore this has been almost exclusively a human-hand operation,—slow, difficult, expensive and not thoroughly dependable. The electric eye can make, at terrific speeds, the finest discriminations of color and light intensity, sorting objects by shade or color as fast as they can be conveyed, and setting aside all that are not up to standard. It can count tens of thousands, or more, per second, and never make a mistake.

No less astounding is the electrical ear. By means of microphones, amplifiers, filters and control relays, the electrical wizards set up a sound selective response system which will control almost any desired electrical operation at the command of a sound of designated pitch or intensity. The aviator's siren releases a flood of light on the landing field in the darkness below. The electric ear in a factory operates a cut-out device or sounds a warning signal the instant a whirring machine reaches the high pitch which means danger. If these are not miracles, we never hope to see one.

Harpooning the Loan Shark

FOR MOST wage-earners, extended unemployment means borrowing in order to pay rent and grocery bills. Commercial banks do not generally meet this need, and the loan pirates have been able to gouge the jobless worker to the extent of 10 or even 20 per cent a month.

Small loan offices, Morris Plan companies, store-order companies, credit unions and other loan agencies are now giving the distressed worker a chance to escape the teeth of the loan shark, and *Ten Thousand Small Loans* (Russell Sage Foundation $2.00) is a report of real progress in this direction.

The Foundation did a fine piece of work in drafting the Uniform Small Loan Law. This report on the borrower's social and economic status, his living conditions and his loan experiences, is a genuinely significant human document.

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▶▶ Wimbledon ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

THIS YEAR'S Wimbledon had a striped as well as a starry complexion. Not since the all-England tennis championships smacked of an English garden party prior to the advent of the Australian wizards—Brooks and Wilding—away back in 1906—has a single nation so dominated the Wimbledon meeting as America did in 1930.

Tea-time hour was completely spoiled for those London critics who wrote off the United States as a "somewhat toothless menace" and confidently predicted the maintenance of the status quo—implying a final fought out by the volatile Jean Borotra and the taciturn Henri Cochet. If there were to be upsets, according to these London prophets, the Australians or English would furnish them.

It is always pleasant to have the last laugh, but not even the most blatant eagle-screamer dared hope for such a Yankee clean-up as Wimbledon produced when the climax saw the four major finals contested solely by Americans.

Since the War, Great Britain has had to stand impotently by and watch her sports titles gathered by foreigners. Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones between them hold a golf mechanic's lien on the British Open. During the same period, Big Bill Tilden and France's gifted triumvirate—Lacoste, Cochet, and Borotra—have monopolized Wimbledon tennis laurels. Patterson of Australia won his titles only by grace of Tilden's absence.

The last commanding figure Britain can boast on the courts was John Cecil Parke—and Parke was an Irishman. One must go clear back to the curly-headed Doherty brothers, immaculate in their white ducks and trig blue belts with silver buckles, to discover English lawn tennis players worthy to be ranked with the game's great masters.

It is a curious thing that the nation which borrowed the ancient game of tennis from French royalty, adapted it to turf, and popularized it throughout the world, has lost the knack of playing it superlatively well. Such glamorous names as Renshaw, Doherty, Riseley, Gore and Lydney Smith (who could thread the eye of a needle with his forehand shots down the line) are only memories now, and national pride craves something more substantial than musty legend.

Although the fiftieth anniversary of Wimbledon was a personal triumph for Tilden—the keener enjoyed because of its unexpectedness—the sensitive Philadelphian must have been hurt by the obvious antagonism of the Center Court crowd.

Wimbledon spectators are traditionally polite, but during the Tilden-

Keystone

BILL TILDEN

Borotra match they left no doubt as to where their sympathies lay. Tilden's aces rocketed against a cold, dampening backdrop of silence. The Basque's lancing parries were echoed explosively in the stands. It seemed that every man, woman and child in the semi-roofed enclosure was pulling for the tooth-flashing Frenchman to win. Borotra has charm.

TILDEN'S gaucheries have come home to roost. London spectators, sticklers for tennis ethics, are unwilling to forgive the American champion's abusive conduct toward linesmen who (according to Big Bill) have erred in their decisions. Tilden is chivalrous enough to opponents when the mood seizes him—will throw points, games, and even sets to right an assumed wrong—but he insists upon arrogating to himself the umpire's prerogatives.

There's nothing bashful about this Barnum of the courts. Tilden wants to be competitor, umpire, and linesman all in one Jove-like being. God help the foot fault judge who has the temerity to penalize this tennis divinity. Tilden will wither him with a thunder clap scowl or humble him with a patronizing shrug, as though to say—"really what can you expect of such incompetents?"

The public—at least the Wimbledon part of it—is fed up with Tilden's tantrums. It has concluded that temperament is a euphemism for boorishness. It resents Tilden's hair splitting quibbling, his arrogant tossing of points—a theatrical gesture which reflects on the linesman's judgment. In short, it no longer applauds as he steals the whole show.

Mrs. Wills-Moody, too, suffered from this numbing "Wimbledon frost," though for quite different reasons. Her competitive deportment is impeccable—perhaps too chastely correct. Her match play personality is cold, aloof, almost merciless, an impression that is heightened by the machine-like, inhumanly flawless character of her game.

It is human nature to yell for the under dog, and Mrs. Moody very plainly shows that she is set against giving the crowd any opportunity to indulge this caprice. She goes about the business of annihilating her helpless rivals with a tight-lipped grimness, a militant concentration that does not endear her to Center Court habitués.

Now strictly speaking it would be unethical for Mrs. Moody to deliberately "go easy" with her outclassed opponents, to prolong their agony by toying with them, but mass emotion is a perverse medium, and the tennis public wants its slaughters relieved by a light-comedy touch.

The temperamental Lenglen also used to swallow her adversaries alive, but she threw in a few tantrums on the side, gave free rein to Delsarte gestures, exchanged pleasantries with officials, and otherwise contrived to give the customers a diverting show. She was simply "being herself," as indeed Mrs. Wills-Moody is when she clenches her pretty

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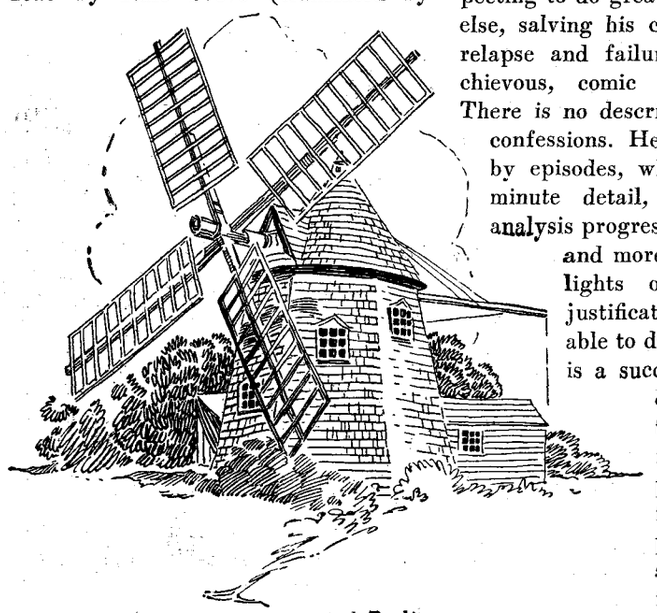
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

The Week's Reading

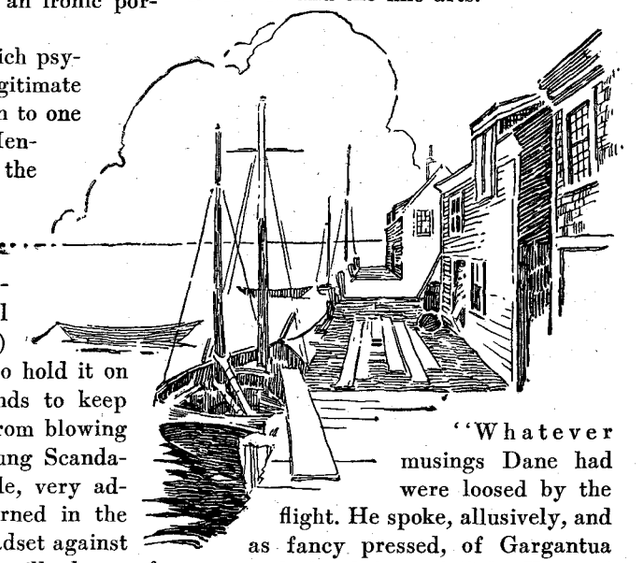
WRITERS and reviewers know—and publishers should know—that there are some novels which cannot be read quickly. *Confessions of Zeno* by Italo Svevo (translated by Beryl de Zoete: Knopf $3) is one which should be read neither rapidly nor all at once. Such of our readers as are tempted to try it should take it piecemeal, because its irony, if too much is absorbed at a time, is apt to lie heavy on the mind instead of twinkling through it. This novel is the work of a Trieste banker who died a few years ago leaving two or three novels of which *Confessions of Zeno* enjoys an international reputation. The writer is said to have been encouraged in his literary work by James Joyce. His style in no wise resembled Joyce's, being clear as a bell, but his talent for detail is as great as Joyce's, and the sharp quality of his mind must have delighted that brilliant Irishman. *Confessions of Zeno* is disguised as the story of his life as prepared by a psychoanalyst's patient for his doctor, and it is a masterpiece of sleepy wit and biting irony. Zeno is a foolish fellow. The publisher's notice calls him a "curious character" but we find him a common type of human. He is an unlovable Micawber, as a modern novelist would make him, lazy, inquisitive, a master of indecision, always planning to give up his pet vices, always trying new careers, always expecting to do great things at something else, salving his conscience after each relapse and failure in the most mischievous, comic and natural ways. There is no describable plot to Zeno's confessions. He remembers his life by episodes, which he describes in minute detail, and, as his self-analysis progresses, he becomes more and more absorbed in the delights of examination and justification, and less and less able to do anything. The book is a succession of absurd incidents and comic tragedies which are funny at first, then pathetic, and then funny on a grand and painfully universal scale as the reader, following the twisting path of Zeno's mind finds a good many of its turns and jugglings familiar. For under his self-portrait of Zeno, Italo Svevo has painted an ironic portrait of every man.



Illustrations from "The Cape Cod Cook Book" by Suzanne Cary Gruwer (Little, Brown)

After this novel in which psycho-analysis plays a legitimate rôle, it is amusing to turn to one which readers of Dr. Menninger's recent article in the Outlook will enjoy. Or would enjoy if it were not so trifling as a novel. *Sinners in Summertime* by Sigurd Hoel (Coward McCann $1.50) is so light that we had to hold it on our mind with both hands to keep every passing thought from blowing it away. A parcel of young Scandanavians, male and female, very advanced indeed, very learned in the Freudian vocabulary, deadset against "self-deception" and the silly lures of youth and love, go off for a camping holiday by the sea, a holiday which is to have no "scenes," no emotions, "no suicides." A great many trifling things happen, and there are endless conversations, mostly about sex. But the young folks behave in much the same way that the parents and grandparents did. Some of their chatter is funny and all of it has the authentic sophomoric touch.

Young love is the theme of another of the week's novels, *Touch Me Not* by Vincent McHugh (Cape and Smith $2.50). This time its course is beset by tangles which, if more pretentious in expression, are equally silly in effect. The setting of this story is a seaside amusement park in full swing. But the setting and the characters which it begot, full of possibilities, are lost in a mist of precious verbiage, lost like a spoonful of seasoning in a cauldron of cream soup. The two young men whose summer jobs at the park are the occasion for the setting, and the girl whom one of them loves are the unhappy victims of modern literature, and of the author's determination to write himself down a metaphysical fellow. He quotes his theme from an older metaphysician, "'They said of him 'that he played the man by acknowledging the beast.' " Mr. McHugh is an imitator. His book is cluttered up with fine phrases, and with the patter of up-to-the-minute taste in literature and the fine arts.



"Whatever musings Dane had were loosed by the flight. He spoke, allusively, and as fancy pressed, of Gargantua and the defeat of Bela Kun; of Norma Shearer and a song called Cheating on Me; of Stephen Crane and the strange device of a Messalina in Troy,

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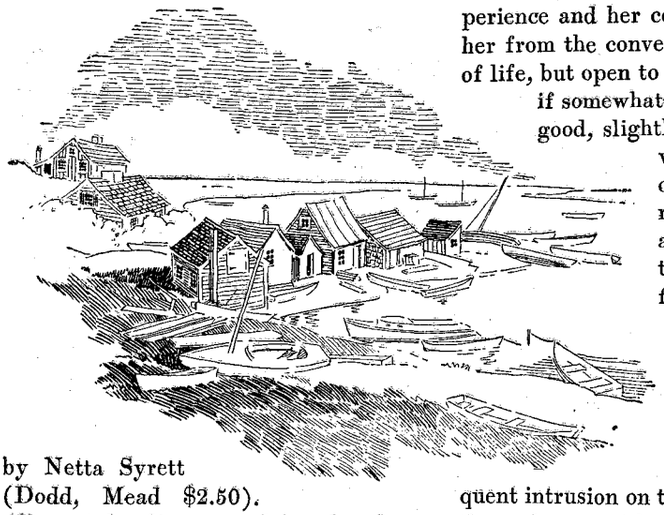
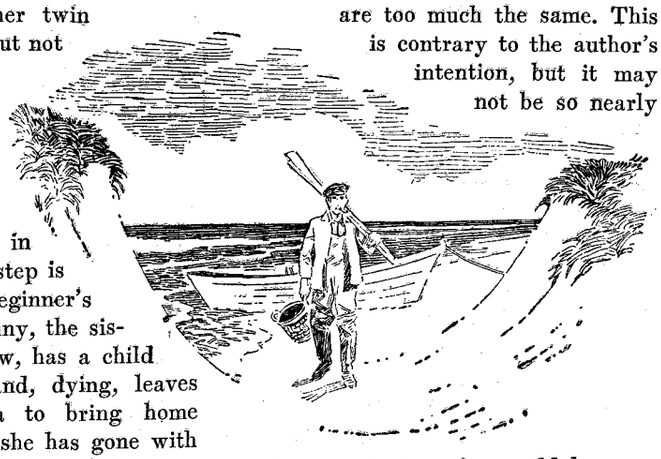
New York. He reared a precise variety of sentences that were stiff and formally archaic as the gestures of puppets. Frequently he broke off to delve for the meticulous hot biting word (much as a fisherman dredges for scallops, Gil thought), and to laugh with a pure delight when he brought it up." Here is a good example of phrases full of the tricks of other men's invention. Perhaps the greatest pleasure that *Touch Me Not* can give is the amused pleasure of discovering its author's models.

The style is false. Mr. McHugh would prefer the word "meretricious"). It is built upon superficial effect, and is without solid foundation. It is self-conscious and unwieldy. The effort to strike and maintain an attitude is evident on every page of the book, and again and again scenes full of the possibility of life are killed by words. One thing the book does, and does well. It paints a magnificent and by no means flattering portrait of a certain type of youth, common in the younger fringes of artistic society. We do not think, however, that this is what the author meant to do. *Touch Me Not* has unmistakable signs of being the work of a fertile and poetic imagination. Its author should try to stand on his own feet. They might turn out strong enough to carry his ambition a good bit farther than it can travel on crutches cut from other men's wood.

A novel which is the chronicle of a woman's life, like *The Galaxy* and *Years of Grace,* is *Portrait of a Rebel*



by Netta Syrett
(Dodd, Mead $2.50).
(Do not be discouraged by the cheap and hideous jacket on this book, when you see it on the stands. That applies to the jacket of *Touch Me Not,* too). Pamela, the rebel, is born in Hampstead in the eighteen forties. She dies there, today. Rebellion, the authoress thinks, required more courage then than it does now. Her rebel is beautiful and clever. Her childhood is a comic horror to read of, but would have been dreadful to endure. The only relief is Pamela's love for her twin sister, as beautiful, but not rebellious. Pamela's youth is blazing tragedy. She is seduced by a handsome scoundrel and has a child by him (as they always do in books; the first mis-step is inevitably fatal—beginner's luck, no doubt). Fanny, the sister, just left a widow, has a child at the same time and, dying, leaves "twins" for Pamela to bring home from France, where she has gone with a faithful nurse, and to bring up. Pamela, cast off by her father, not for her misfortune of which he knows nothing, but because she refuses to live at his home, opens a bookshop and is successful. In that day, the late sixties, a contemporary treatise from which Netta Syrett quotes frequently and to great purpose, says, "gentlemen may employ their hours of business in almost any degrading occupation, and may be gentlemen still, while if a lady does but touch any article, no matter how delicate, in the way of trade, she ceases to be a lady." Pamela becomes, naturally, the center of a group which calls itself Bohemian, and also a leader in the feminist movement. Her experience and her convictions alike keep her from the conventional contentments of life, but open to her the door to great if somewhat clumsy happiness. A good, slightly melodramatic plot which leans heavily on coincidence, carries Pamela's joys and sorrows on to their end. At eighty-five the rebel looks back and finds that rebellion has been good. The novel has an amateurish quality, due perhaps to the frequent intrusion on the scene of 1930 and the authoress with such comments as, "to modern intelligence it would have been clear that she possessed a very bad inferiority complex." This is balanced by a strong feeling for drama and character. The scene, however, and the dialogue do not give the illusion of the period. Except for quotations from the treatise mentioned above and other equally delicious books, for topical allusions, and for a few incidents which could not happen now, 1845 and 1925 are too much the same. This is contrary to the author's intention, but it may not be so nearly



contrary to fact as she would have us believe.

The story of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and Marie Vetsera is the subject of an historical novel, *Idyll's End,* by Claude Anet (Dodd, Mead $2.50), which we found very dull indeed. The setting is carefully arranged and the characters of the historical personages are credible. All kinds of sources have been consulted and the story is said to follow the facts closely. But the illusion of life is absent, and the tragic figures of the Empress and her son and his young beloved are less touching in the novel, with all its hot color and detail, than in the history books with their few cold lines.

On the strength of his success with *On the Bottom,* Commander Edward Ellsberg has written *Thirty Fathoms Deep* (Dodd, Mead $2), a story of divers, treasure ships and pirates. Bob Porter finds a yellowed parchment in a second-hand book shop (where the rest of us find Dr Holt's *Care and Feeding of Infants*), and learns that three hundred and fifty years ago, the Santa Cruz, carrying the treasure of the Incas to Spain, was sunk off the coast of Peru to keep her from falling into Drake's hands. He goes home and tells his uncle that he has a good idea about how to make nine million dollars during his vacation, and things begin to move. Out of his diving experience, Commander Ellsberg is able to furnish his naïve adventure story with much technical detail. And out of memories of his childhood reading, he has provided it with a wealth of incident ending in attack by pirates after the treasure has been

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Just Published

ROOSEVELT

The Story of a Friendship

By

OWEN WISTER

"An enthralling piece of literature...A full length portrait..."
—*New York Sun.*

MACMILLAN **$4.00**

brought up from the sea by divers and loaded onto the Lapwing. A boy's book.

There is rattling good sea stuff in *Come On, Texas,* by Paul Schubert (Cape & Smith $3), the biography of a battleship. It is the story of the Texas, from the time she was commissioned in 1914, through her reign as champion of the fleet, through her experiences in the North Sea when our ships fought beside the British, until, becoming antiquated in design (fashions in battleships change as fast as fashions in skirts), she was rebuilt into an oil-burning, airplane-carrying flagship. It is written in plain, vigorous prose and is as full of "language" as a sailor's speech. Many of the scenes are exciting, many are funny, a few are touching, and all are full of life and gusto for living. If you like to read about boats, boys who never grow up and the sea, you'll enjoy *Come On, Texas.* But if you have a son whom you don't want to have join the navy and see the world, keep the book away from him.

That's for lovers of ships. *Jockeys, Crooks and Kings* (Cape & Smith $3) is for horse-lovers, but is not quite so entertaining a book. It is the story of Winnie O'Connor as told to Earl Chapin May. Jockeys have ghost writers now, just like movie queens and automobile emperors. O'Connor, who is now a successful trainer, was one of the great jockeys in his day and rode for American millionaires and foreign potentates on the race-tracks of the world. Furthermore, he did his bit in the War, driving an ambulance in the American Field Service. His reminiscences are naïve and genial and spiced with simple philosophy. Chiefly they consist in accounts of training and racing and in anecdotes about the rich and great and about the crooks that horse-racing attracts. A good many of the stories are amusing and show that Winnie O'Connor had his own ideas about things and could keep his own counsel. And of course the book is full of horses and the love of them.

By the Waters of Manhattan (Boni Paper Books 50 cents) introduces, in Charles Reznikoff, a new poetic talent which may be worth watching. The novel, itself, is not more than promising. Its structural faults are great, and annoying, too. The symbolic hint of the title is not, so far as we can see, carried out in the story. The book falls in two. The first two thirds are the story of Sarah Yetta, Russian Jewess, of her childhood and struggles for self-support in Russia where poverty is at war with a sense of inherited dignity and a longing for education and what it can bring; and of her journey to America, life as a garment worker in New York and marriage. The last third of the book is the account of a few weeks in the life of Ezekiel, Sarah Yetta's son, who has reached out for the education which is the family heritage but which has been denied to his mother. Ezekiel is the epitome of the intellectually eager, inquisitive, dreamy, exhausting young Jew. He starts a bookshop on less than a shoestring, has a drab little affair with a big blonde whom he clothes with the robes of his imagination, and is already caught in the beginnings of business success when the book closes on a note of frustration. Charles Reznikoff has little creative force and no great powers of characterization. Where he writes of Ezekiel, himself, perhaps, he puts a rounded character into print. But his other characters are not solid and show a lack of understanding for emotions outside his own experience. Furthermore, his lack of a sense of form may hamper him. But his strong feeling for color and his ability to get color into his writing, and his capacity for letting the pictures in his memory come pouring off the end of his pen make his book worth reading and his talent worth watching.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

American Philosophers

THOSE who have thought that only Englishmen and Germans are philosophers will be pleasantly surprised by *Contemporary American Philosophy,* edited by Professors Adams and Montague (Macmillan, 2 vols. $10). In it, thirty-four philosophers confess the influences which moved them in one philosophical direction or another. New realists explain how they came to doubt the foundations of idealism; critical realists explain how they came to doubt idealism and new realism; and

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Detective: **The Tabloid Murders,** by Clement Wood: Macaulay.
Novel: **Portrait of a Rebel,** by Netta Syrett: Dodd, Mead.
Biography: **Johannes Brahms,** by Richard Specht: Dutton.
Miscellaneous: **The Jack Roller,** by Professor Clifford R. Shaw: Univ. of Chicago Press.

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

The Young and Secret, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Charming, light romance in London setting. Reviewed July 2.

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Brilliant, acrid sketches and short stories. Reviewed June 18.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

The Scarab Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner's. Good in spite of Philo Vance. Reviewed June 4.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little Brown. A distinguished and highly readable history of America's greatest family. Reviewed June 18.

Liberty, by Everett Dean Martin: Norton. A history of liberty and a battle-cry against the tyranny of the mob. Reviewed June 25.

Byron, by André Maurois: Appleton. Brilliant biography of the poet who was his own tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.

Magazine Articles Recommended

Fooling the Censor, by René Fülöp-Miller. Theatre Guild Magazine, July.

Ruthless as the Soviet censors are, even they find it impossible to circumvent certain types of domestic propaganda. The last place one would look for criticism of the Communist regime would be in the theatres and cabarets of Moscow, but in this article the author describes the indirect ways by which the existing authorities are mocked and ridiculed.

Sun Baths, by Andrew R. MacCausland, M.D. Parent's Magazine, July.

The ancient practice of heliotherapy was revived and popularized twenty years ago by Dr. Rollier of Switzerland. He exposed his patients to the sun gradually, over increasing periods of time, beginning with the feet and working up, *but always protecting the head.* Once tanned, the body can receive several hours of sunlight, but the warmest hours are not the best. High altitudes, with clean air and no severe winds, are preferable; next, the seashore; and least favorable, the lowland plain. It is possible to transmit sunlight through certain types of glass that leave some of its potency. Artificial light (with fresh air), though not equal to the sun itself, may be used as a supplementary measure.

Building Efficiency into a City, by W. J. Austin. Nation's Business, July.

The author is President of an American company which is building an entire industrial city for the Soviet government. Naturally his opinions on the complexities of city planning in this country should be of interest and value to those who are doing their utmost to solve zoning and housing problems.

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pragmatists explain how they came to profess a new faith and methodology distinct from any school—an entirely new technique for the advancement of knowledge and the perfection of mankind. The rest strike up the band for traditional realism.

But the element of surprise is the latitude of opinion, tolerance of attitude, as well as the high intellectual level attained by these men. Every intellectual influence is rife among them. In some, science is paramount, in others, art and morals. The tolerance of diversified opinion, of course, is a recent phenomenon and due to a universal recognition of the theory of evolution and the fundamental plasticity of the world. Thus most of these men speak more humbly than the older philosophers. One opinion seems universal among them: that human knowledge is a perspective of the world; and so fragmentary. At the best, they can expect the truth to be a resolution, by some superior genius, of the differences among themselves. They know that, if they contain a great deal of error, they have tried to purge themselves of as much of it as possible; and the rest they leave hopefully to the future.

Nor are religious questions the primary issues of philosophical polemic nowadays. Yet not long ago, no man could teach philosophy in an American university who was not a minister; and philosophy was uxoriously wed to Protestantism or Methodism. Despite the recent occurrence of the divorce, philosophers have already emancipated themselves from religion to such an extent that even those few who still believe in a personal God view their religious beliefs in a very strange and uncustomary light. Some like M. R. Cohen go so far as to say—strangely enough—that God is an ideal of Goodness rather than an actuality.

Despite the high intellectual level, there is no instance, we think, of an intellect comparable to a Kant, a Hegel, a Spinoza, or a Bradley. But this is no cause for regret, for we have philosophers who have special talents, and very fruitful ones. Many like McGilvary, Lovejoy, Lewis, Perry and Montague are very capable dialecticians and technicians. Lovejoy, in particular, represents, in a narrow sense, the typical or proper philosophical spirit: the one who enjoys the sweaty labor of analyzing objectively the meaning of ideas. Other thinkers, like G. H. Palmer, G. Santayana, W. G. Everett, Hocking, Woodbridge, H. B. Alexander, Warner Fite, H. C. Brown, possess rich intellectual æsthetic or moral characters. These men live intense inner lives; their moral and æsthetic reactions to the world are strained through the press of the intellect to come out finely selected, pithily expressed ideas. These men are highly sensitive, alert to diagnose every feeling, stress, or storm in their minds and bodies, but they lack a final concreteness, a wide-awake closeness to the actualities of life. As a result, they exemplify insights into the nature of the individual moral and æsthetic life, but they seem incapable of getting out of their skins. J. H. Tufts, if one is to judge by his essay, manages to live out of his skin most of the time and within the skins of others. He collaborated with Dewey in writing the Dewey-Tufts *Ethics*. Tufts is able to analyze vigor-

Drawn by Henry C. Pitz for "The Wonder Road" Book Three (Macmillan)

ously, and illustrate concretely in the stuff and pattern of social life, the meanings to be found there.

As the oldest philosopher in America, George Herbert Palmer, born in 1842, writes the introduction. Professor Dewey, as dean of philosophers, heads the second volume. These two men are, the former in the past, the latter at present, two of the most influential philosophical minds in America. Palmer, of course, has lived the romantic life, as Santayana calls it, leading to self-realization apart from the vast multitude of men. Dewey has sought his philosophy, perhaps, as he says, through an innate defection, on the road and in the marts of humanity. *Democracy and Education*, he feels is the most serious expression of his point of view which he has yet given, and he regrets the fact that philosophers have not taken this book seriously. Thus these two men seem to represent almost diametrically opposed ideas, aristocracy and democracy. Palmer praises implicitly the self-tutored almost ascetic life, those intellects which are peak-dwellers. Dewey insistently demands that the mind be democratic, social.

There is little reason to complain of the philosophers selected by the editors. All the intellects included deserve to be found there. We regret, however, the absence of one who has exercised and still exercises a great influence on realist philosophy; and we cannot understand why he has not been included. The exclusion of Edwin B. Holt, author of two such books like the *Concept of Consciousness* and the *Freudian Wish*, undoubtedly requires an explanation.

RUBIN GOTESKY.

Behind the Blurbs

MUCH interested comment is being made about the forthcoming biography of Herbert Hoover. The author, printer and publisher of the work is one William J. Marsh, Jr., who is now in his eleventh year. Together with some assistance from a younger brother and another helpmate who was employed for twenty-five cents a week, this young chap struck off sixty copies of his work, printing one on vellum for Mr. Hoover and sending another to the New York *Herald Tribune* asking the editor for a "write-up" and giving a few high lights on his ideas about business. The front page story which resulted attracted the attention of some of the higher-ups of the Doubleday, Doran Company, who immediately set out for New Milford, Connecticut, to talk business with the young lad. The result is that a co-operative enterprise has been entered into by Mr. Marsh and the Doubleday, Doran Company for the publishing of this biography of our Chief Executive. It has been decided to print the book from William's type exactly as it stands, with the addition of a postscript to the author's preface and a facsimile page of the original manuscript. ☘ ☘ ☘ July 24th is the publication date of *The Last Full Measure*, Honoré W. Morrow's final novel of Abraham Lincoln. Complete in itself, the story naturally follows the earlier books, which are: *Forever Free* and *With Malice Toward None*. In *The Last Full Measure* Mrs. Morrow covers the last dramatic period of Lincoln's life and tells the extraordinary story of the whole Booth conspiracy. These books are published by the William Morrow Company. ☘ ☘ ☘ The Newberry Medal for the most distinguished juvenile book of the year has just been awarded to

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Rachel Field for her book called *Hitty, Her First Hundred Years,* which was published by Macmillan last year. This book was reviewed in the Outlook by Mrs. May Lamberton Becker. ❧ ❧ ❧ A well-known banker was recently quoted as saying, "If we used the methods in selling bonds that publishers use in selling books we should all land in jail in about two days." When pressed for an explanation of his statement our friend said that he referred especially to the blurbs which embellish the jackets of many books. "Read those blurbs," he continued, "then buy the books and see how closely the contents agree with the descriptions." One must confess that many of these blurbs are pretty ridiculous, but in most cases they represent some one's honest opinion. But the continued use of extravagant language usually defeats its purpose in the long run. Continuous praise becomes tiresome and ineffective. When a well-known book reviewer writes once again, "This is the finest thing I have read in the past year," most people are inclined to light a cigarette, yawn, and remark, "Oh yeah?" Yet as regards the blurbs on the jackets of the books, they are written by reviewers in the employ of the company that publishes the books. One would not expect a soap manufacturer to do other than praise his product. He believes that his product is good, therefore why should he not say so to the public? Perhaps our banker friend would feel better about it if there were printed on the jacket beneath each blurb, "The above information while not guaranteed has been obtained from sources which we believe to be reliable." Or, better still, why not try the suggestion which we made in this column a few weeks back, which was, that instead of a blurb being printed on the jacket, why not use that space for a biographical account of the author and give the reader an opportunity to draw his own conclusions about the book? Every book is pretty much a pig-in-a-blanket, anyway. ❧ ❧ ❧ Charles Scribner's Sons have just brought out a Bi-Millennial Edition of Virgil's *Aeneid*[1]. This delightful English version of what is without doubt the poet's greatest work has been done by Harlan Hoge Ballard. ❧ ❧ ❧ "How many educated people today know that only four hundred years ago finger counting was the average man's only means of calculating? The art of using his fingers in counting and in performing the simple operations of arithmetic was then one of the accomplishments of an educated man. The greatest ingenuity was displayed in devising rules for adding and multiplying numbers on one's fingers. No manual of arithmetic was complete unless it gave full instructions in these methods." The foregoing is an excerpt from *Number: the Language of Science*[2] in which Tobias Danzig gives for the layman a fascinating exposition of the evolution of numbers and the relation of mathematics to science. ❧ ❧ ❧ *The Extraordinary Adventures of Julio Jurenito*[3], that highly imaginative brain-child of Ilya Ehrenbourg, and his equally highly imaginative companions, leave one more or less wondering just what the tempest in the teapot is all about. The author meets Julio, the "Master" who "mastered mathematics, philosophy, the machinists' trade, electrical engineering, hydrology, Egyptology, playing on the ocarina, chess, political economy, versification, and a number of other sciences, arts, trades and games" in a Paris café. Julio, the author fancies, is the devil and appears greatly disappointed to learn from Julio that the devil is a state of mind and not blood and bone. Ehrenbourg becomes Julio's first disciple and with him starts the story on its weird pilgrimage—philosophical and actual. The others are picked up on the way, each individually fantastic: Mr. Cool, combination proselyter and prototype of the American business man (to the continental eye); Negro Aisha, a representative primitive Africano, in the form of a bell-boy-body-servant; Alexei Spiridonovitch, who is in search of a human being; Ercole Bambucci, Italian; the German, Schmidt; and a certain Monsieur Gaston Dehaie, complete the motley assemblage. Ehrenbourg's fantastic characters live in the days of peace, war, and revolution on the continent—Senegal, Moscow, and many other places. The "Master" dissertates at length on religion, physical love, art, and numerous other topics. The whole is really a brilliantly and powerfully written "satirical delusion," an emulation of the immortal Candide, entirely lacking in Candide's subtlety. The publisher's blurb says, "his fantasy of sensation and satire will shock, violate, and exhilarate the most jaded." Guaranteed to violate but not exhilarate. Continual and inept references to the sexual impulse in the human relationship and the animal kingdom prove so distasteful that it is hard for one to rise above this predomination to the appreciation of a narrative well written. One might feel more kindly toward the arguments presented if they weren't so lewdly and salaciously thrust down one's throat. It is to be regretted that one who wields such a facile pen could not have utilized his capabilities in a more constructive, or entertaining, manner. One cannot fail to feel that the author must be a sadistic, frustrated, impotent man, whose sadism acts as a boomerang. ❧ ❧ ❧ At eight o'clock one morning Mary Pickens, the Vants' colored maid, prepared a breakfast tray and took it to her mistress' door. After knocking several times she opened it and was terrified to find the body of Mrs. Vant in a pool of blood in the bath tub. The lifeless bodies of the rest of the family discovered later were found to be the work of an ax fiend. The Bearns had dined with the Vants the night before and had left at 11:30. No apparent motive for the murders could be found. Eleven days passed with no arrests. Then Mrs. Bearns was found murdered. The only clue in each case was a pair of small blood-stained gloves. All this is to be found in *The Tabloid Murders*[4] by Clement Wood. The method of telling the story is through the agency of daily news accounts and interviews. All the modern tricks of journalism add to the tale. ❧ ❧ ❧ *What Do You Know About Music?*[5] is a collection of over five thousand questions and answers on all matters of musical interest. The questions cover such subjects as musical biography, history, harmony, æsthetics, grand opera, singing, light opera, musical instruments, orchestral music, etc. This volume, which was compiled by Albert E. Wier, the editor of *Whole World Music Series,* is intended as a handbook of reference and information for all music lovers. ❧ ❧ ❧ Those who wish to be piloted about Boston and its environs should try *And This Is Boston!*[6], Eleanor Early's competent little guide-book that is bright and readable at the same time that it is informative. Its pages bring back to you much of Boston's romantic past as well as guide you through the byways of her not less interesting present. The book should prove of value not only to the tourist but to the native who doesn't know his city as well as he should.

BERNICE WHITTEMORE.

Drawn by Henry C. Pitz for "Tale of the Warrior Lord" by Merriam Sherwood (Longmans, Green)

1. "The Aeneid of Virgil," $2.00.
2. Macmillan, $3.50.
3. By Ilya Ehrenbourg, Covici Friede, $2.00.
4. Macaulay, $2.00.
5. Appleton, Cloth, $3.00; Boards, $2.00.
6. Houghton, Mifflin, $1.50.

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Propaganda

As Seen in Recent Books

Propaganda is a campaign camouflaging its origin, its motive, or both, conducted for the purpose of obtaining a specific objective by manipulating public opinion.

THIS definition appears in George Sylvester Viereck's remarkable volume on war-time propaganda in the United States, which appeared anonymously in *The Saturday Evening Post* and now is available between covers, with an introduction by Colonel House, under the title *Spreading Germs of Hate* (Horace Liveright $3). The definition is characteristic of the book, clear, objective and detached. There is no better corrective to loose thinking on public affairs than Mr. Viereck's unique, first-hand analysis of the efforts of the belligerents, including such submerged nationalities as the Czechs and the Irish, to make Uncle Sam jump through the international hoops for them. *Spreading Germs of Hate* cannot be recommended too highly to all who desire a dash of lemon juice on the oyster of public opinion.

THERE IS, however, one important qualification to be made. Merely because the American people went to war in 1917 for the wrong reasons does not imply that they did the wrong thing. It might, in fact, be argued that we have a highly selective susceptibility to alien propagandists. We listen to their counsels only when they tell us to do what suits our interests. To take a specific case, the Allied propagandists were able to induce us to hate the Germans to an extent which admittedly later embarrassed Allied policies towards Germany, but an almost equivalent amount of propaganda in favor of canceling our War loans to the Allies was singularly devoid of effect. If Mr. Viereck is right in his suggestion that British propaganda in the United States is directed against American recognition of Soviet Russia, it may be recalled that the policy which we have adopted has not only spared the Washington Government many minor diplomatic anxieties but has also permitted us to build up a very respectable volume of trade and of economic co-operation with the Russian Union.

Mr. Viereck has a very high opinion of the ability of the British war-time propagandists, with their informal and decentralized method of operation and their bland assurance that all they were doing was to conduct counter-propaganda to counteract the inconceivable malice and astuteness of German propagandists. According to Viereck, German propaganda was too highly centralized, too bureaucratic and constantly being let down by the actions of the German government. His account of the origin of the warning notice to passengers embarking on the Lusitania is both a contribution to history and an example of the sort of bad luck which nullified the earnest and legitimate efforts of the German propaganda "Cabinet" to keep America neutral.

However, the real subject under discussion is propaganda. We have been too loose in our assumption that every book which presents a foreign point of view is propaganda. Mr. Viereck's definition corrects this elementary reaction. For example, General Von Seeckt's *The Future of the German Empire* (Dutton $2.50) is not propaganda, it is simple, straight-forward advocacy of the theory that Might makes Right and an argument that German foreign policy should be conducted so as to make Germany again a Might-State, if only because "a glance around us reveals neighboring countries in arms, and the conviction prevailing everywhere that, in spite of and together with treaties, every self-conscious country must, in the first instance, rely on its own strength for its own security." Rudolf Olden's *Stresemann* (Dutton $3), with its advocacy of Stresemann's peace policy is—if General Von Seeckt is right—much closer to propaganda.

It is difficult to draw the line between publicity and propaganda. Bainbridge Colby's *The Close of Woodrow Wilson's Administration and the Final Years* (Mitchell Kennerley) is not propaganda, it is eulogy of a man and of a policy discredited and abandoned by the American electorate. It is a tribute to a cause as lost as that of the Stuarts, it masks neither its character nor its objective. On the other hand, Sir Ernest Benn's *About Russia* (Appleton) is very close to propaganda. Sir Ernest is a British industrialist who has never been to Russia, whose information about Russia comes from the hostile border states, and whose advocacy of political and industrial individualism makes the very collective idea anathema. What he writes about Russia is valueless, except in so far as it may have an objective. If its objective was to prevent British diplomatic relations with Russia, it has failed; if its publication in America is designed to reinforce American non-recognition sentiment, it is—to make an entirely unfair deduction—entirely possible that its real object is to enable British industry to take away from the United States a large portion of our present export trade with the Soviet Union.

ONE TEST of propaganda, which is not included in Mr. Viereck's formula, is the test of "reader-interest." Propagandist material is invariably more entertaining that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; it is addressed to the emotions and prejudices rather than to the intellect and judgment. Thus Paul M. Warburg's monumental study of *The Federal Reserve System* (Macmillan $18), in two volumes and nine pounds avoirdupois, is the last word on the controversy that has centered around our present banking system, but who will bother to read it except a few bankers and politicians? Conversely, George Washington Stephens' *The St. Lawrence Waterway Project* (Louis Carrier) is a 400-page tome, complete with charts, graphs and elaborate documentation, which pretends to give a complete and well-rounded survey of that great project. It is written from the Canadian point of view and is, on the whole, favorable to the waterway proposal but critical of any suggestions that the United States should receive any of the power developed in the Canadian sections of the waterway. In the light of the various objections which are put forward in the chapter entitled "Reflections" it may be regarded as propaganda for the trans-shipment interests of Montreal which will benefit from a postponement of the project. Therefore, it is seen that even statistical analyses are not immune from the propagandist suspicion. Perhaps the only accurate definition of propaganda is anything which gives pleasure, aid and comfort to any conceivable special interest, past, present or future. That leaves little but Euclid and the multiplication table.

However, so long as nations and individuals act in accordance with their interests, irrespective of their professions of high moral purpose, the casual reader need not worry himself overly as to the propaganda content of current literature. For the sordid, but salutary, fact remains that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to persuade a nation to adopt a course of action which is injurious to itself. So long as that solid fact remains imbedded in human nature, we should worry about propaganda.

JOHN CARTER.

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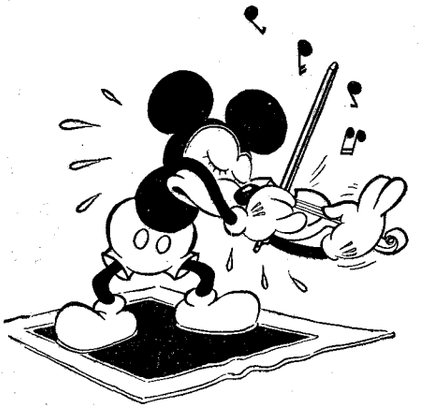
The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

Miraculous Mickey

SHOULD I ever visit Hollywood—that golden land where other people's ideas are used until they are threadbare and then patched a hundred times—there is but a single studio I should insist on visiting. This is the modest establishment which turns out the Walt Disney "Mickey Mouse" and "Silly Symphony" animated cartoons. These charming drawings, ingenious and often refreshingly original, are something of a high climax in the cinematographic art—yes, art. They are "free" in the fullest and most intelligent sense of the term. They know neither space, time, substance nor the dignity of the laws of physics. They are the quintessence of action. They thumb their beautiful, elastic noses at the very movies between which they are sandwiched. While even Charlie Chaplin must contend with a more or less material world, Mickey Mouse and his companions of the "Silly Symphonies" live in a special cosmos of their own in which the nature of matter changes from moment to moment. Mickey can play the great lover, the great hunter or the great toreador, after which he can reach inside the bull's mouth, pull out his teeth and use them for castanets . . . he can lead a band or play violin solos . . . his ingenuity is limitless . . . he never fails . . . he is the perfect hero of all romance. He overcomes skyscrapers, mountains, oceans or even the expanse of planets without so much as getting out of breath or singeing his whiskers.

But it is in the "Silly Symphonies" that the animated cartoon, now the musical cartoon, has achieved real triumphs. Here Walt Disney deals with ideas rather than characters. There is no story in *Springtime*—we see spring coming to the plants, the insects and the animals. Potato bugs tap dance on the petals of a daisy—the daisies themselves go through an Albertina Rasch



routine, while the whole landscape sways, taps and vibrates with happiness. In *Autumn* the squirrels, the beavers, the skunks, the porcupines, the owls, etc., are shown stowing themselves away for the winter, while the ducks fly south and the crows crawl into the scarecrow for shelter. All this goes on, of course, in perfect synchronism with the provocative music.

The humor of the Disney cartoons is sharp, fast and universal. They should be (and are) equally entertaining to Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Chinese and our great grandchildren. In a way Mr. Disney and his associates (it takes a dozen men about two weeks to produce one eight-minute cartoon) are performing an act of charity when they release their joyful and intelligent little India ink characters. They may not realize it but there is a faithful and steadily increasing audience which finds that their gay, witty and civilized foolery is the only tolerable moment in an entire evening of inevitably dreary servant-girl romances.

I don't know who is the real genius back of these drawings. Until recently they appear to have been planned by a certain Ub Iwerks—and who he may be I cannot say. Their really superior musical scores are arranged by Carl Stallings.

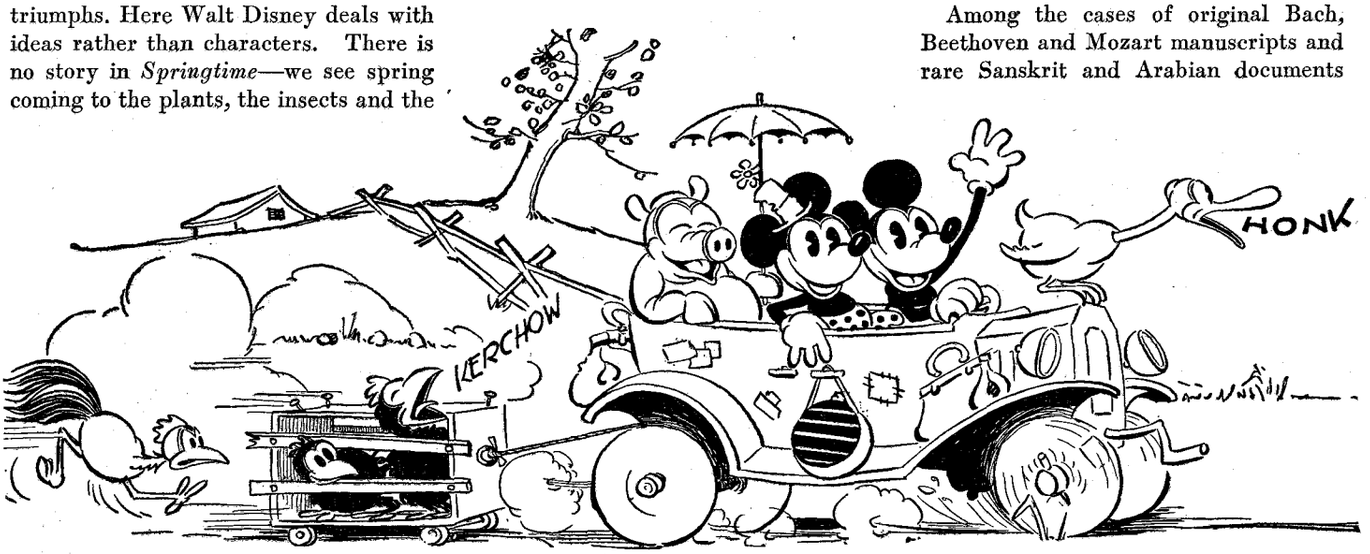
It is true that there are other cartoons—many of them excellent, many of them imitations of the Disney films. "Looney Tunes," for instance, substitutes petty vulgarities and smirks for ingenuity and invention. It can't be done. There is but one Mickey Mouse. Amen.

"Anybody's War"

Moran and Mack—who preceded those aerial blackface upstarts *Amos 'n' Andy* by a good many years—may now be seen and heard in the funniest comedy in months called *Anybody's War*. If you ask me they make *Amos 'n' Andy* look pretty sick. Amos Crow is a small town dog catcher who is too soft hearted to kill the dogs he picks up, and so takes them home—about fifty of them—to live with him. Finally both Moran and Mack go to war accompanied by a single fluffy little white dog who certainly deserves as much credit as any one else on the cast. You mustn't miss *Anybody's War*.

Immortality at Last!

Among the cases of original Bach, Beethoven and Mozart manuscripts and rare Sanskrit and Arabian documents



Mickey Mouse, his lady love, a chaperon and the chickens go for a ride—(Drawn for the Outlook by the Walt Disney Studios).

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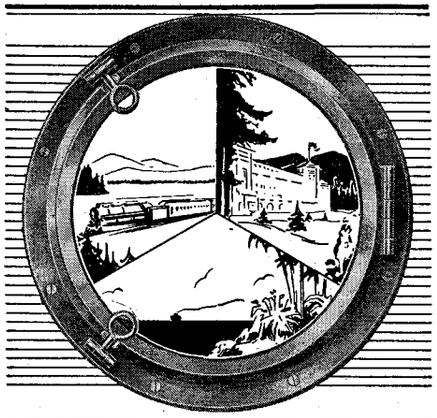
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Vacation Sunshine Lands

. . . CALIFORNIA . . . a land of beauty . . . soft green hills . . . burnt yellow poppies . . . with the great Pacific offering the last word in ships to carry the traveler to Hawaii . . . South Sea Islands . . . or the alluring Far East. ¶ Then the Southwest Country with marvelous desert land which blossoms like a garden . . . cacti . . . flowers of waxen beauty of every hue . . . thriving cities . . . and a chain of desert hotels . . . dude ranches . . . that for luxury, beauty of setting . . . fishing . . . hunting . . . riding . . . polo . . . cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world. ¶ Rediscover our marvelous West Country which has no rival in contrary delights. ¶ Get West-minded, and find what this great America has to offer.

EVA R. DIXON *Director*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST., NEW YORK

in the great hall of the National Library of Vienna, is one case dealing with an American subject. It is filled with photographs of movie stars. Brushing

tears of gratitude from his eyes, our correspondent reports that in this case he saw a picture of Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan sitting on a step, another of Jannings in *The Last Command*, and finally one of Greta Garbo tightening her grip on some fortunate gentleman's neck. There were a few other pictures of local movie stars, but the important thing is that the Garbo-grab now belongs to the ages.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: One man in California is trying to have this film stopped on the ground that it discredits war—everybody else here and abroad is convinced it is the greatest war film ever made.

The Big House: Wallace Beery and other bad men stage a riot in a fairly realistic penitentiary.

The Big Pond: Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert in some very pleasant nonsense.

The Florodora Girl: The gay 1900's with Marion Davies singing in the famous sextet.

Holiday: Philip Barry's civilized and adult comedy beautifully done with the beautiful Ann Harding.

Journey's End: An excellent reproduction of the British war play, with a British cast.

The Silent Enemy: Ojibway Indians fighting off hunger and snowdrifts.

With Byrd at the South Pole: Nice pictures of heretofore unphotographed snow and ice floes. Not much excitement but the penguins are cheerful.

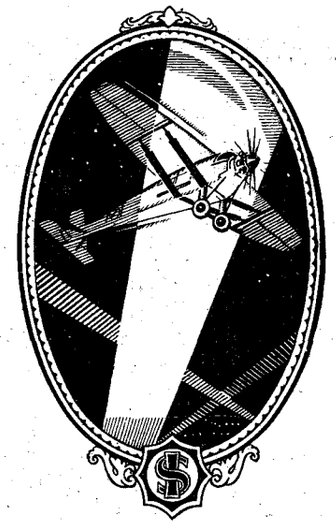
Other New Films

Dawn Patrol: Heavily sentimental imitation of **All Quiet** with some knockout aerial photography. Reviewed next week.

Let Us Be Gay: Norma Shearer in the film version of the stage play. Reviewed next week.

On the Level: Victor McLaglen in a so-so melodrama about crooked real estate deals. Hardly like **The Cockeyed World** it is supposed to follow.

A Man from Wyoming: Gary Cooper involved in the silliest war movie yet made, which is saying a good deal. Sweet little June Collyer walks into the front line and shows up those awkward men and their fussy old rules about no women.



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In This Issue

ERNEST K. LINDLEY is a member of the staff of the New York *World*, specializing in politics. Mr. Lindley is also a frequent contributor to the magazines.

C. HUNTLEY GRATTAN is the author of a biography of Ambrose Bierce and editor of *The Critique of Humanism*, a symposium analyzing the recent literary movement.

FRANK SCHOONMAKER is a free-lance writer who has lived much abroad. Besides contributing frequently to the magazines, Mr. Schoonmaker is the author of *Through Europe on Two Dollars a Day*, and *Come With Me Through Germany*.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE is a poet and author and contributes frequently to the Outlook and Independent. Mr. Rutledge's latest article was "Prohibition and the Negro."

Next Week

Pink Whiskers in Illinois, by Robert Cruise McManus.

Ruth Hanna McCormick wants to be the first woman senator. Opposed to her in the fall election in Illinois is the veteran politician, James Hamilton Lewis. Mrs. McCormick is a Republican. So is Chicago normally. Mr. Lewis is wet. So is Chicago. Unfortunately Mrs. McCormick is a dry and Mr. Lewis is a Democrat. The election will show whether Chicago is more Republican than wet. Mrs. McCormick has the support of "Big Bill" Thompson's machine, but J. Ham, as Mr. Lewis is generally known, is a doughty campaigner. Mr. McManus describes the personality and career of Chicago's champion of Democracy whose famous pink whiskers were once a familiar sight in Washington.

Flight from High Wages, by Allen Raymond.

High wages and low production costs are the foundations supposedly underlying American prosperity. A high standard of living for the worker is necessary in order to maintain the national purchasing power. The argument, coming from the lips of Herbert Hoover, Calvin Coolidge and Henry Ford, has a familiar ring. Something, however, has gone wrong with the program. It appears that labor is a production cost, and that industry, in attempting to keep such costs as low as possible, is moving south to take advantage of the much lower wage standards governing there. The existence of a vast reservoir of cheap labor in the South is, the author claims, a serious threat to the health of American business.

Deutschland über Alles, by Hiram Motherwell.

Supposedly crushed by the War, and disarmed and laden with debts by the Treaty of Versailles, Germany, paradoxically enough, now holds the European balance of power. Economically and geographically Germany is the center of Europe. "Her industrial reserves must be assured to any European nation contemplating war." Although German monarchists would like to see another European war, Mr. Motherwell does not think that the present democratic regime will allow any nation to upset the balance. Reemergent Germany will use her power to maintain the status quo, the author claims, but Europe must be prepared to pay her price.

Twilight of the Metropolitan, Anonymous.

Many plans for a new building for the Metropolitan Opera Company, the author declares, have been advanced in the last five years. Desirable as would be a new Opera House, "there are those who believe that future renovation should not be confined to the exterior." Performances at the Metropolitan have become routine. The services of available talented singers and conductors, have not been obtained, although New York has every right to hear them. Operas which are already accepted in Europe have not been performed in New York. American opera composers are only given fifty dollars a performance! The Metropolitan, in short, needs to take a brace. "A season," the author concludes, "that gives us no significant new work, no singer of brilliant achievements, is fulfilling neither its duty to its public or itself."

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE HAVEN'T very much helpful information to offer you this week, because for the past month we have been in Germany, and though the thinness of our book of travelers' checks bears witness to the fact that there are plenty of thing to buy in Germany, we don't suppose it would be much use to tell you about them. And anyway, we don't feel much like writing, for we are at this moment sitting on the little balcony where we have just had our breakfast. Below us is a stream and a road and some houses, and opposite us on the other side of the valley are woods, and more houses in the wooden balconies of which we can see other people having breakfast, and we know it's the same breakfast we have had, for every breakfast tray in Germany is built to the same plan, and just *try* to get orange juice! Above the houses are more woods, and above the woods are more distant woods, and above them are enormous masses of jagged and tumbled stone, rising into peaks which make the Woolworth Building and Mr. Chrysler's handsome monument seem very trifling.

SPEAKING OF Woolworth, the gold-toothed smile of the five and ten has greeted us in several German cities, and it's rather startling to go in and find all the clerks speaking German, for except for the language everything—goods and display and layout of the store—is about the same.

SHOPPING IN GERMANY is altogether a much pleasanter affair than it is at home. You shop a little while, then you drop into a café or a beer garden or a Weinstube and refresh yourself and listen to the music, and then you shop some more. Very good for the shopkeepers, too, for by the end of the afternoon you're in such a pleasant mood that you don't haggle about prices.

A GREAT AID to the window shopper, and an idea which might well be adopted by American stores, is the iron railing on the outside of some display windows. The footweary pedestrian leans against the rail to rest a while, and looks at everything in the window before moving on. We've never found anything like that at home, and we've probably missed a good many things that would interest you because fatigue overcame us before we had absorbed the contents of an interesting window.

The goods in German stores are more like those in American stores than we had supposed. Transfer an average Munich shop window to, say, Detroit, and it would arouse no comment. The display would be a little less well done, for the German tendency is to put a lot of everything in the window, although some of the best German stores have nothing to learn from American display methods. And things are about the same price. Gloves are cheaper, and we have heard that Germany is a good place to buy table damask and knitted goods. We don't know, we didn't shop for any.

WHAT DID WE SHOP FOR, then? Well, in Nuremberg we shopped for toys. Nuremberg is the headquarters of the toy industry. But mass production, in our opinion, has driven originality out of the toy market. The best of the toys in the Nuremberg shops we had already seen in New York; the rest—with the exception of the lead soldiers, of which there is an enormous diversity—seem to us not worth mentioning. We bought a few toys, but not in Nuremberg. What we did buy there was the *Lebkuchen*, or gingerbread, for which the town is justly famous. It is put up in many different ways, in very attractive packages and boxes, and the best thing about it is that it will keep for years. We bought so large an assortment of it that we couldn't take it with us but had to have it shipped to our boat. The odd thing about *Lebkuchen* is that while it seems to be displayed in half the store windows in Nuremberg, we never saw a sign of it after we left that city. Not so with *eau de Cologne*. The palm for wide distribution certainly goes to the makers of this fluid, for 4711 and Johann Maria Farina can only be excluded from consciousness on a German street by closing the eyes. Not an Alpine village that hasn't a couple of windows full of these little bottles.

THERE IS ONE German industry, however, which we would like to say a word for. The largest and most efficient toothpicks in the world are manufactured here. Never have we seen such fine ones. We have saved two which are so large that they have knots in them.

THERE ARE QUITE a lot of things we would like to tell you about, but all that will have to be postponed until our next appearance before you. Now we've had two mugs of Löwenbräu, and we're going out and climb an Alp.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Galahad

FOR fifteen years she had burned with life and longed for romance. Ever since she had first opened her eyes, the world had appeared to be trembling with beauty; but remote and untouchable. Not here. Never in this spot.

How could she live in such a place? How did she ever endure it? she asked herself over and over. She would fling up her head at the thin little streets waiting cold and expectant; at the sharp houses, aloof and unsympathetic, but listening. They would get nothing from her! She would not answer them.

She dreamed of streets, shining and serene; of houses wide and filled with light. At home, she was patient with her father and brothers. But she dreamed of heroes.

How could a man be satisfied, she thought, to snore heavily at night, climb into sodden shoes in the morning, and plod all day in order to gulp down food, put his feet up and snore again? The man she dreamed of was brave and eager —he would imagine impossible adventures and set out upon them recklessly; he was wise and quiet and great, with a strange light in his eyes that looked at a woman and knew all that she thought or wished for; or, (sometimes) he was strong and ruthless and wicked. He was magnificent. And this man would adore her. He would carry her off with him to the ends of the earth; he would shut her up in a beautiful, walled castle; he would cover her with jewels, and the world would struggle to get a glimpse of her. But the great gates would be closed to the world. . . . Or was it the world that she wanted?

She had never seen anything of the world. She had never seen a man like the one she dreamed of. Not even at the movies! Certainly never on the streets of this town. Why, there was no man she knew that had good manners, even! Except the widow's son—and he wasn't grown-up yet.

That was how she first began to think about the widow's son. After all, he was two years older than herself, different from the other boys in town. Five years from now. . . . She closed her eyes and tried to see what he would look like; taller . . . heavier . . . with experience in his eyes . . . and a look of steel around his mouth. She opened her eyes with a feeling of excitement. Where had she left her hat? She was deciding that she would—she must—go out for a walk.

It all seemed natural enough as it began to happen. Though she had never really suspected that he was so much like herself; that his look would be so stirred and far-away at her descriptions of the City; that he could be so eager and bewildered by her stories of riches and adventure; that at the mere touch of her hand he would be filled with beautiful things he wanted to say. But speechless. Soon, she was able to see that all he had ever needed was to be roused by an ideal—even though she had to explain it to him over and over again. Until at last the day arrived when she first saw him as her rescuer.

The idea occurred simultaneously with her father's purchase of a second-hand Ford car. On the day of its arrival, she walked around it staring at it —she had a sudden vision of paved roads unrolling before its turning wheels —herself and one other, surveying from an eminence the world! And her heart beat high in her throat.

In a few days, she had overcome the objections of the widow's son. In a few nights they started out.

He knew how to drive a Ford, and he sat at the wheel with the same dazed and solemn look upon his forehead that he had worn when she had told him first about her plans. She pushed more closely against him, and looked up blissfully into his face—beyond it, at the stars. "You are running away with me!" she whispered helplessly, and could not see his frown.

A hundred miles. Five hundred. Two nights—three. And three days. What little money they had between them was running low—but that was nothing; they were within a hundred miles now of the City! Plenty of money, there.

And then a police sergeant stopped them on the road and asked them over to Headquarters for a few polite questions. The widow's son was taken in to see the Chief. And then it was her turn.

The Chief of Police was a big, strong man, and she looked up at him with a sense of relief. It was nothing to worry about, she told him; they were just a sister and her brother traveling to. . . . But the Chief interrupted her.

"He says," the Chief spoke slowly and reluctantly, "that you are running away with him. He says that all he wants is to go home. To his mother."

She stared at him, and the blood ebbed from her heart, returning on a slow tide of tears. So that was it. She had made it all up. She was a fool—none of it was real. Nothing was real. But as she stared on at the Chief who stood looking at her, sorry for her and kind, she saw suddenly that he was real. And he was looking at her as though he knew what she was thinking. Pride choked her, and she shook the tears away and spoke.

"He's not my sweetheart," she said bravely. "I don't want a man like that. And I may come from a terrible, hick town. But if you say so, I'll go back home."

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The Donkey Kicks His Heels

(Continued from Page 445)

tariff as the big issue between Democratic and Republican parties in 1932.

Of course whom the Democrats will nominate in 1932 inevitably depends largely upon what the real issues by

Washington Post

The bid for business

that time prove to be. All calculations are based upon the assumption that President Hoover will be the Republican nominee, since it is almost impossible to prevent a President from obtaining renomination. A corollary to this assumption is that the Hoover administration will have recovered some prestige by 1932. Whatever the difficulties within the Republican party may be —and the Democrats in Washington hope they will be multifarious—all calculations must make some allowance for improvement in business conditions.

The victory of Dwight W. Morrow in New Jersey, particularly in view of the fact that he ran as a wet and is now hailed as leader of the anti-prohibition forces, further complicates the already complex situation. It is highly improbable that Mr. Morrow will be the nominee in 1932; he has, in fact, insisted that such will not be the case. Almost anything, however, is possible in politics. Should the Hoover administration be further discredited, his nomination might be forced. This again will upset the calculations made at the mid-term mark.

The names most frequently mentioned in current discussions of the next Democratic Presidential nominee are Governor Roosevelt of New York, Owen D. Young, Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, Senator Walter F. George of Georgia, Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, and Alfred E. Smith.

Governor Roosevelt is the man about whom Democrats who think power and public utilities ought to be the big issue of 1932 are doing the most talking. He was recently given an informal nomination upon that platform by Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Democratic Progressive of Montana.

He picked up the water power issue in New York where Smith left it and has ushered it into a new phase. After years of opposition, the Republican party in the state last winter agreed to the creation of a commission to find out whether a practicable plan can be devised for development and sale of the tremendous hydro-electric resources of

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of July 19, 1950

In the preface to his "History and Achievements of the Republican Party," just published, Senator Witson of Indiana advocated an eight-year term for Presidents "in order to give time for recovery from a business depression before the party in power is confronted with a national election."

The 1950 edition of "American Who's Who at the Court of St. James" will be issued to subscribers this month. The publishers announced that the book contained 9,218 brief biographies of American women who had been presented at Court during the past twelve months.

The Tourism Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. launched a campaign in support of the bill of Congressman Upto (Rep., Miss.) making compulsory a three-day, seven-hour week for all industrial workers.

Dr. Halbstein, Emeritus Professor of Physics, Harvard, became Chief of Research for the Chryselephantine Soap Merger, Inc., on April 1, 1945. Last week, working on the old problem of 99 44/100% Pure, he discovered a method of removing the long admitted 56/100% impurity. It is generally believed by scientists that his discovery will revolutionize Washing in all domains.

the St. Lawrence River by a public agency. If Governor Roosevelt is reelected this fall, he should accordingly become an even more important figure in the water power controversy.

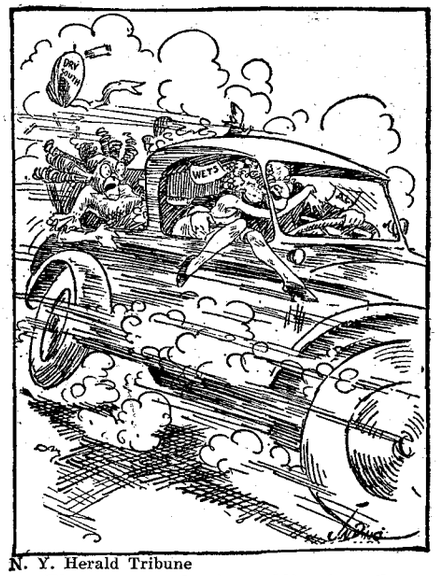
Also, he has plunged directly into the thick of the public utility question with a plan for restoring state regulation of utilities which challenges the principles of valuation upheld by the conservative majority of the Supreme Court. He apparently intends to make this the chief issue in his campaign this fall. His reelection, even though it might be entirely the result of other influences, would naturally tend to give public utility regulation an atmosphere of greater practical political importance.

Several other qualifications are causing Governor Roosevelt to be considered seriously for the Presidential nomination. He has a good name. He won his first laurels in politics by opposing Tammany Hall. He is identified with the Wilson régime by virtue of his services as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the War. He made a favorable impression as nominee for Vice-President in 1920.

At present, he stands as the man who carried the State of New York on the same day that Mr. Hoover carried and Al Smith lost it. He must, of course, carry it again to remain a potential Presidential nominee.

On prohibition, Governor Roosevelt has preserved silence. As Democratic Governor of New York he is pledged to wetness, but he has avoided taking steps toward assuming leadership of the wets.

The other northern Democrat who is being most seriously discussed is Owen D. Young. His great prestige as a business man and as the statesman who liquidated the reparations problem is his chief potential political asset. He, in the opinion of his friends, could do what Smith did only in part: make business men vote Democratic. Notwithstanding the current depression, Democratic leaders fully expect the Republican party to advertise itself again in 1932 as the guardian of the secret of prosperity. They look upon Mr. Young as their best opportunity to prevent the Republican party from making votes out of "prosperity." Incidentally, Wall



N. Y. Herald Tribune

There are sounds of grumbling from the rumble seat

Street's misgivings about Mr. Hoover seem to have given some Democrats the hope of a big campaign chest in 1932, if Mr. Young should be nominated.

But it is just his affiliation with big business which at present is the great obstacle in the way of Mr. Young's nomination. If power and public utility

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HOUSEMOTHER, Capable and experienced, wishes position in a preparatory school for boys. References. 9406 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG MAN, 39, Educated—American Citizen English birth—10 years experience electrical business, desires to locate for long or short period in England. Wishes connection with any concern doing business in that country. Salary secondary. 9514 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG English University man, desires post in a family traveling in America during August. Experienced with children, tutoring, able to do secretarial work. All expenses, and very small salary. 9515 Outlook and Independent.

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regulation are going to be an important issue, it is difficult to see how the Democrats could expect to win with the head of the General Electric Company as their candidate. Mr. Young's own views on these issues would probably not greatly affect, one way or the other, the attitude of persons keenly interested in power and public utility regulation.

Rumblings from the West have already given warning that it would be difficult politically to dissociate Mr. Young from the power and public utility business. When Senator Wheeler declared that power would be the "overshadowing" issue of 1932 and started Governor Roosevelt's "boom," he was plainly letting it be known that he was very dubious about Mr. Young. Close observers of Senator Wheeler believe that he would consider Mr. Young another John W. Davis, and that, just as in 1924, the Senator might feel the necessity of proving his opposition to "big business" by dissociating himself from the Democratic party.

If Senator Wheeler should feel that way about Mr. Young, certainly there would be little chance of obtaining any help for him from the Republican Insurgents. Many Democrats are about ready to abandon any hope of ever again getting much effective assistance from the Insurgent Republicans on Election Day. Senator Borah always manages to get back into the regular Republican fold during national campaigns, and most of his insurgent colleagues took the same course in 1928. Senator Norris' endorsement did not carry Nebraska for Smith. The insurgent will-o'-the-wisp still lures on some Democratic leaders, however. With Roosevelt as the Democratic nominee, the religious issue out of the way, and prohibition subdued, they believe the support of Norris and possibly a few other Insurgents might swing a few western states to Democracy.

ONE HEARS from southern Democrats much favorable comment about both Mr. Young and Governor Roosevelt. Either one fits the formula prescribing a new leader for eastern Democrats to supplant Smith in the popular mind. Both come from Smith's home state. Southern Democrats do not believe Smith could fail to support at least one or the other of them for the nomination. They have already been rewarded, in fact, with the word from some of Smith's associates that "Owen Young could beat Hoover in 1932."

The southern Democrats most frequently mentioned for the Presidential nomination are Senators Robinson and George. As leader of the Democratic Senators, who have stirred up so much trouble for Mr. Hoover, and as a delegate to the Naval Conference, Senator Robinson has a prior claim. He would be more acceptable to wets of the East than any other southern Democrat, it is argued, because he accepted the Vice-Presidential nomination on the same ticket with Smith and campaigned very industriously.

Senator George is always mentioned when Democrats survey the South for material, simply because he is regarded

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in Washington as one of the ablest men in the Senate—one of the ablest that has come from the South in many years.

Governor Ritchie of Maryland has been such an ardent wet that he naturally is not pleasing to the dry wing of the party except as a somewhat desperate alternative to Smith. He has been Governor of Maryland ten years, however—longer than any other man—and, altogether, has too much weight to be overlooked entirely.

It is assumed by most southern Democrats in Washington that either Roosevelt or Young would have to be somewhat damp to be of any use to the party in the North. But so long as they did not emphasize their wetness too much, the South would be able to overlook it and call something else the important issue of the campaign.

Will the wet Democrats permit any stand on prohibition in 1932 which the South can overlook? Will they accept any candidate who will not campaign aggressively for the repeal or amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment? These are the questions which perturb the sponsors of Democratic unity. Behind them lurks the figure of Al Smith, unchallenged idol of the wets of his party.

The only consolation in the prohi bition issue for the Democratic party is that it appears to be fully as great a menace to the Republicans. Usually Republicans manage to smooth over their internal difficulties during campaign time in a manner quite baffling to the Democrats. There have been indications during the last few months, however, that parched Republican throats will no longer be contented with candidates who are merely suspected of being dampish.

There should be some clues this fall to the state of mind of wet Republicans. If New Jersey elects a wet Republican Senator and the Republican state of Illinois rejects the dry Ruth Hanna McCormick for the wet Democrat, J. Hamilton Lewis, the lesson will be plain. It will be as plain to Republicans as to Democrats. Having no "solid South" to hold it in check, it is always possible that the Republican party will find a way to attract the wets while the Democrats are still worrying about the influence of Al Smith.

Wimbledon

(Continued from Page 465)

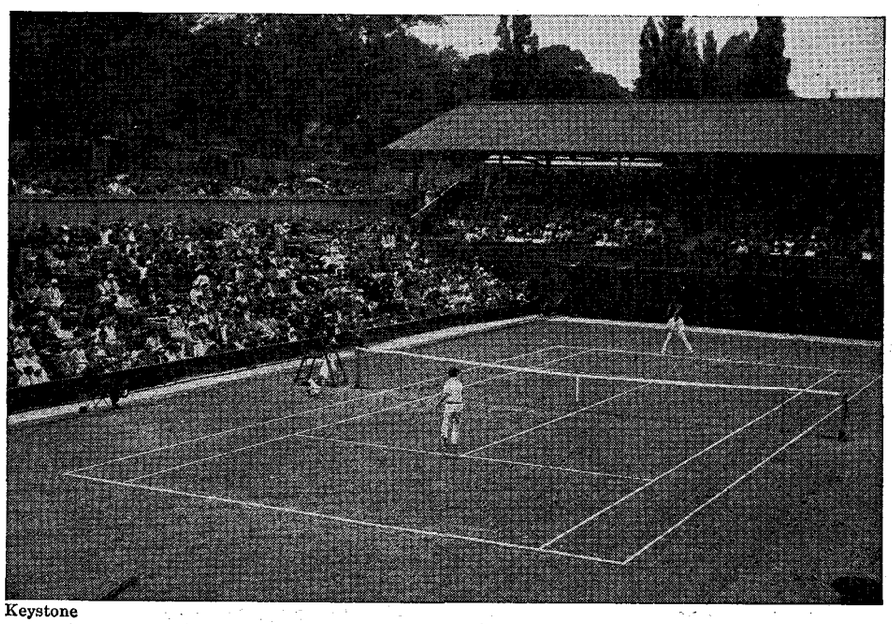
jaw, compresses her thin lips and whams the ball as though each stroke were a matter of life and death. Hers is not the art that sugar-coats an old-fashioned spanking.

Watching the acrobatic Lenglen tantalizing a foe, you thought of a cat playing with a mouse, or a Spanish matador maneuvering for the final thrust. You were never conscious of her opponent save as a convenient foil. Sitting in while Mrs. Moody exterminates her adversaries with an intensity that simulates vindictiveness, you think of a brusque young matron using the hair brush on an impudent offspring. Mrs. Moody's poker face implies—"this hurts me more than it does you."

WHILE it was Tilden's Wimbledon from first to last—a dramatic return to the throne after a nine year interlude—the younger Americans furnished the big surprise. The Center Court crowd, always responsive to new personalities, took Wilmer Allison to its heart. There was a naïve ingenuousness, an unaffected spontaneity about this lean-jawed, sharp featured Texan that "got across" the side boards.

What an ovation Allison received when spectators had recovered from the shock of his three set triumph over the supposedly invincible Cochet! This was a stunning upset and yet Cochet's indifferent form against impetuous Berkeley Bell and against stolid Hans Timmer, each of whom carried him to five sets, clearly foreshadowed his eventful defeat.

Cochet's lapse is perhaps only temporary. A creature of moods, he seemed strangely lackadaisical, even complacent, while taking that terrific drubbing from an inspired Allison. The Texan may still lack polish, the finesse that comes from ripened experience; his game may lack the versatile range that enables Tilden to find a tactical reply for all types of attack, but Allison is not too proud to fight like a catamount for every point—nor too sophisticated to make what certain cynics have called "the old college try." Reputations mean nothing to this clear eyed Texan. You have to beat him on the court. Cochet couldn't.



Keystone

International Tennis Tournament at Wimbledon

Keyserling, Peddler of Wisdom

(Continued from Page 451)

where one may learn something, but a center of inspiration. And the purpose of inspiration is to bring man to perfection. That's the cry! Perfection! Inspiration for (or to) perfection. How often have we heard the cry and from how different people. And always the ardent admirer writes of The Master in some such ridiculous image as the following, penned by one who attended the School of Wisdom: "his great forehead seems to contain the whole spinning sphere within its contours." And so with a spinning sphere in his head Count Hermann Alexander Keyserling goes whirling down the grooves of time!

God's Dark Children

(Continued from Page 448)

faith, the reasonableness of immortal hope. . . I wish that all such spirits could know the religion of plantation Negroes; it does not make them perfect, for human perfection is not attainable. But any one who will bring to these dusky humble children a heart receptive to light will surely have the shadows of his soul softly illumined; gentle hands will lead him out of a darksome country; lowly sweet minor voices will hush his spirit with a music whose quiet tide seems setting toward eternity.

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With Our Readers

Little Blue Books

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—As a veteran blue book reader and Haldeman-Julius fan, I was immensely interested in Louis Adamic's appraisal of the man and his work. I have faith in Mr. Adamic's sincerity and in his acumen, and I found his piece very interesting. I wonder what E. Haldeman-Julius thinks of it?

EMIL DE CALMYE.

Sincere Socialism

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Louisville*

SIR—In a recent issue Louis Adamic said that there were tens of thousands of men and women who held Haldeman-Julius in high esteem. I, without hesitation, can say that I am one of them. Mr. Adamic also compared Haldeman-Julius to Voltaire, and despite his somewhat adolescent article, I have still a great deal of respect for the two.

After reading Mr. Adamic's statements, I beg to say that he has not in the least impressed me with what he terms the deception and quackery of Haldeman-Julius. Rather, Adamic's work smacks of absolute prejudice. Haldeman-Julius' one error lay in the fact that he allied himself with anything related to the word Socialism. He was apparently concerned with something more than making himself money, which is all too excusable. He was interested in educating the working class. That is indeed too much.

. . . I do not think that Adamic's article will in any way injure Haldeman-Julius. It is, in places, a very rare compliment, as he has revealed him as an idealist. Adamic tells us that this man left his New York editorial work that had begun to prosper, to return to Kansas and take over a bankrupt radical paper, *The Appeal to Reason*, whose former editor had committed suicide. Trying to appeal to public reason, I think is justification for suicide. That very move on the part of Haldeman-Julius pointed out the fact that he was concerned with the principles of the Socialistic cause, and not with its financial promises.

As for his underhand method of selling those five-cent books, I have never detected them. I cannot see that they were ever needed. A particular book for a nickel; that is all that Haldeman-Julius promised, and that is exactly what I received. In fact, a book is one of the very few things that can hardly be misrepresented; printed words have been handed down for centuries unaltered. I am still indebted to Haldeman-Julius for opportunities of reading that otherwise I would never have had . . .

SIDNEY GREEN.

Sound Judgment

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—This note is only to compliment your publication for the remarkably sound judgment it shows in estimating this and other countries' political and economic problems and events. For a magazine of your type, your articles on Primo de Rivera and Carol of Rumania are evidence of not only sound judgment but also of fairness, which is something the modern press and periodicals, of whatever creed, sadly lack.

Your attitude toward problems confronting America today, I hope, will greatly contribute to a friendly understanding between Mr. Stoyan Christowe and his former friend Liberty. Yours is the only publication, as far as I know, which in every respect—style, ideas, contents, even price—is what America really stands for.

S. ENEINOV.

Some One Likes the Tariff

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Chicago*

SIR—An article entitled "Tragedy of the Tariff" in one of your recent issues does not seem to be in line with your recent rational policy. Efforts to make the United States the beneficent big sister of the world to cuddle others, will not really help other nations.

Nations, as is true of persons, may be helped to help themselves; no other type of charity ever develops character. Mr. Mazur's European mindedness is not calculated to help European peoples. The man who demands high wages and sales at so low a value as to dissipate profits is the grown exemplar of the boy who ate his cake and cried because he had it not.

E. T. HARRIS.

British Rule: Another Angle

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Columbus*

SIR—I got a great kick out of the letter from E. N. Lewis, contending that Americans "naturally" can't think; that only New Mexicans can do that. Also that England is a sentimental country, especially referring to her treatment of India. If so, why are the natives "still seventy-five percent ignorant peasants" after centuries of beneficent rule by the East India Company and successors? "The Simon Report will give one thousand reasons for just a little more tutelage," said Ramsay MacDonald. Poor, helpless Scot, he is tied by the influence of the great English fortunes gathered from the pot of gold that always lies at the end of that rainbow called "the white man's burden."

Reading of able-bodied Hindus beaten senseless by the English, and not resisting, makes one imagine George Washington in the same situation. After the World War, when the British government, as usual, broke its promises, this time to the Arabs, Jafar Pasha said to Gertrude Bell: "Complete independence is never given; it is always taken." Verbum sap, Saint Gandhi!

ROBERT E. PFEIFFER.

Pity the Poor Business Man

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Rochester, N. Y.*

SIR—What an editor thinks he thinks—when he thinks he is thinking—is sometimes good for a good belly-laugh. A striking case in point is the naïve assumption of Mr. Bellamy that the potent panacea for all our troubles, political, economic, et cetera, is to induce business men to perform their public duty by taking charge of our political machinery and giving us "good government."

He—amazingly—credits business men with a monopoly of character, integrity and wisdom, but bemoans the fact that they decline to enter political life, "because of its doubtful rewards," and "blames the business man because he has got sufficient public spirit to enter the lists and give the people a chance to vote for him!"

It seems necessary to point out to Mr. Bellamy, that the business man is in politics. Very much so! It might even be said that he is politics, since politics is the lever by which the business men manipulate the legislative, judicial and executive branches of government, always in their own interests. They may not hold office, except in rare instances, but they lurk always behind the scenes, pulling the strings that make the political puppets in office jump to do the bidding of the business men—as in the case of the infamous Hawley-Smoot (Grundy!) tariff.

The "rewards" of politics are not, as Mr. Bellamy seems to imagine, in holding office, but in controlling those who hold political office. This is precisely why, except in rare instances, the most insignificant men in state and nation are elevated to positions of presumed political power. The business men see to that! The business men do not want men of real statesmanship in office. They want yesmen who can be depended upon to recognize their master's voice and obey it! How else could such an outrageous, looting measure as Grundy's tariff be jammed down the throats of a protesting people?

No, Mr. Bellamy, our troubles in this country are not due to the abstinence of the business man from politics, but are due mainly to his domination of politics—for his own profit. It is a branch of his business, and he makes it pay. That is the criterion by which he evaluates everything in life—does it pay? He is a go-getter, and nothing else, and all of his go-getting is done for himself. As for the "venal political machines" which Mr. Bellamy wails "offer no advancement except to men willing to do their dirty work to get preferment," who is responsible for them if not the business man?

He is the originator of the familiar proverb to the effect that "every man has his price." He learned it by buying public servants as other men have bought slaves. There are honorable exceptions, of course, but history fails to show that the business class, as a whole, has ever justified the reverent respect with which Mr. Bellamy kowtows before it and frantically beseeches it to "save the country" by embarking in politics—at which it is already an old but not a clean hand.

WILL THOMAS WITHROW.

Stimulant or Narcotic?

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Detroit*

SIR—"Antisaccharites" make interesting reading, but the author comes very near giving himself away when he says that "Nature herself has prohibited opium" (meaning, of course, the nature of the white men who have no use for the drug, since opium is itself a product of nature), but, *per contra*, nature (human nature) craves a stimulant of some kind; so alcohol, differing from opium, should be subject to different legislation.

The truth is that alcoholic beverages and opium are of the same class—not stimulants, either of them, but narcotics. They inhibit the functioning of certain tracts of the nervous system, so that other tracts appear to be stimulated but are merely deprived of their usual inhibitions. You wouldn't say a steam engine was stimulated by stripping the governor belt.

It is true, of course, that human nature has always craved narcotics as well as stimulants; and in moderation they may be just as useful. But since moderation is more difficult, the machinery of the body being put out of order to a slight extent, or certain tracts of it held in abeyance, by the very first dose, as is not the case with stimulants, the question of state control arises with reference to alcohol and opium on the same principle, as distinguished from the state control, say, of coffee, a stimulant.

There are differences of opinion as to the form which the state control of alcohol should take, but very little as to its necessity. For my part, I am not so sure of its necessity, but I am in the hopeless minority. The people of the United States demand control of some sort; and all other measures of control having failed, they voted for prohibition.

Unquestionably the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would bring back the saloon, though only an infinitesimal minority of anti-prohibitionists want the saloon back. Let the repealers find some common ground for dealing with the liquor traffic in the absence of prohibition—some method that would commend itself to both the lovers of liberty and the lovers of order—and the death knell of the Eighteenth Amendment will have been sounded.

W. A. TAYLOR.

Speaking Out of Turn

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Tucson, Ariz.*

SIR—There is decorum and fairness in controversy to which a high-toned periodical should adhere. Overwrought zeal in your editorial of June 25th, surpassed this, knowing as you do the sworn obligation of the President to defend the Constitution and enforce the laws. While he is doing this as best he can, you unjustly accuse and denounce him as a tool of the faction you are so strenuously opposing in this turmoil of extremists.

The President of our great nation should not be the victim of zealous hatred as evinced in that clause to which I allude. Let us have decency if the theme is hot. Evidently your bunch of editors "overspoke themselves."

HENRY SHREVE.

Hot and Bothered

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Springfield, Tenn.*

SIR—It is surprising that any magazine that even claims to be liberal and tolerant—but maybe the Outlook and Independent does not make that claim—would descend to the low levels of the June 25th issue. Under the caption, "Advice to Wets," on page twenty-five, you define the qualifications of United States Senators wholly on the question of prohibition. Of course, that is the only question before the American people as far as you are concerned. You are the very embodiment of intolerance and bigotry. If there are any reputable psychiatrists in New York you fellows are likely to be hurried off for examination some day. You are excited.

JOHN T. YOUNGER.

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